THE ALBION

VOL. 26, NO. 21.

A

BRITISH, COLONIAL, AND FOREIGN WEEKLY GAZETTE.

ESTABLISHED JUNE 22, 1822. CŒLUM NON ANIMUM, MUTANT, QUI TRANS MARE CURRUNT OFFICE, NO. 18 BEEKMAN STREET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1867.

LITERATURE.

For the Albion.

LETTER FROM THE MAN IN THE MOON TO HIS ASTRONOMICAL FRIEND.

O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see ourselv as others see us!

At last, my dear Pry, I have mastered the doubt—
Eureka! the marvellous secret is out,
Which has baffled our keenest star-gazers' pursuit,
With all their sharp eyes and big lenses to boot.
O Friend! by long watching and waiting endeared,
How oft, and how vainly we've wondered and peered
At the great yellow Planet there rolling below,
To learn if it really were peopled or no!
We could make out grand peaks with illustrious crowns,
Nay, discern, here and there, what we fancied were towns;
But what sort of beings (if any) were there,
Our shrewdest savans had all failed to declare.

Last evening, my new patent glass all complete,
'Mid the wheels and the pulleys on taking my seat,
I brought its great eye on the problem to bear
Point blank, with a truly magnificent stare;
And, presto! a city of wonderful shows
On the field of our vision distinctly arose.
And lo, (if you please, no incredulous smiles!)
As we gazed down on streets stretching miles upon miles,
I saw the whole scene, like an uncovered hive,
With the queerest of creatures was swarming alive!
They seemed of two species—one, bearded and slim,
Lean, bifid, ungainly in body and limb,
(So far as my lenses their make could arrest—
For, remember, they all were but pigmies at best;)
But the other—my stars, 'twas a sight to behold!
You must see it yourself, for the half can't be told:
Such facial exposure! such low-purfled taste!
Such almost invisible smallness of waist!
Such conical grandeur diverging from thence
In kirtled penumbras so strangely immense,
A round rood of sunshine, 'twere sooth to assert,
Is swept into night by the sweep of one skirt,
As it glides up and down the discomfited street
Without the least semblance of ankles or feet!
Ah, lost not a moment, my dear Mr. Pry—
Don't wink till you're with me—O Earth-World! O my!

P.S.—Our feminine spiders, as science records,
Are wont to wax huge by devouring their lords;
Can it be the same custom obtains *there*, and hence
The fair monsters' growth at their victims' *expense?*

New York, 1857. W. P. P.

SONNET.

Which are the clouds, and which the mountains? See,
They mix and melt together! Yon blue hill
Looks fleeting as the vapours which distil
Their dews upon its summit, while the free
And far off clouds, now solid, dark, and still,
An aspect wear of calm eternity.
Each seems the other, as our fancies will,
The cloud a mount, the mount a cloud, and we
Gaze doubtfully. So everywhere on earth
This foothold where we stand, with slipping feet,
The unsubstantial and substantial meet.
And we are fooled until made wise by Time.
Is not the obvious lesson something worth,
Lady? or have I wov'n an idle rhyme?

Russell's Magazine.

LORD ERLISTOUN.—A LOVE-STORY.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

III.

I went to Liverpool next day; but my mother made me promise to return every Saturday, remaining until the Monday. I did not look well, she said, and she thought it was a curative measure; but I myself was not so sure of that.

A week in the office, with odd evenings spent in walking swiftly up and down the busy Liverpool streets, or taking a twopenny breeze on the river, to see the sun setting behind the Great Orme's Head, and colouring into beauty the long sandy line of the Mersey shore;—while all the time I knew it was lighting up the wavy grass meadows, May hedges, and merry rookeries far away, in those lovely spring evenings, which I never knew so lovely any where as at Lythwaite Hall.

A clerk in our house, speaking of my father's new place one day, said he knew it well when he was a boy. He once spent a whole May month there with a cousin of his, who was dead now. He told me how they used to agree to rise early and stroll about the garden before any one else was up; go fishing in the trout-stream, and rook-shooting in the shrubberies—only she did not like that much; how they generally went to church the field way, where he helped her over the stiles; and how he had still the clearest recollection of her face as she sat opposite to him listening to the sermon. She was dead now, and buried—had been for years—he thought he should like to get a holiday, and go to that village-church again some Sunday.

O, Jean, my cousin Jean, if you and I had been girl and boy together, years and years before now; if we could be boy and girl still, and go hand-in-hand through the gardens and over the meadows of beautiful Lythwaite Hall!

When a man lives an exceedingly practical and busy life, when of necessity the one spot—of romance, will you call it?—in his character must be reduced to a very small space of time and thought daily, close pressed down,—locked down, as it were,—it is astonishing what vitality it preserves, and how, in the brief moment or two when he allows it liberty, it can rule and sway his whole being.

I seemed to have lived a year in the short railway-transit between Liverpool and Lythwaite Hall.

My mother was unfeignedly glad to see me. She had been worried about a good many things, she said, but that was nothing new. Poor body, she was always worried. "Could Jean not help you?" I asked.

O no; she did not like to say any thing to the poor dear girl.

"Mother, is any thing the matter?"

But that minute, through the dusk of the garden, I heard Jean's laugh, and saw two figures moving slowly up and down her favourite walk—our favourite walk.

"Don't go to them, Mark; please don't. It isn't Charlie; it's Lord Erlistoun."

"Not yet gone?"

"No; nor seems inclined to go. And I can't help thinking, though I wouldn't mention it to her or any body for the world, that this visit of his may turn out a very good thing for our dear Jane."

"A very good thing!" When women say that, they mean marriage, supposed to be the best possible thing for any woman. My mother—the worthiest creature alive, and not a bit of a match-maker—she also undoubtedly meant marriage.

Lord Erlistoun wanting to marry Jane Dowglas! plain Jane Dowglas, whose mother was a Brown. Things must have gone very far indeed for even my mother to take into her innocent head such a "very good thing."

It must be understood here, that the matter struck me—who perhaps knew her better than my mother did, or any of us—solely in the light of Lord Erlistoun's wanting to marry Jean; a very different thing from her consenting to marry him.

"But if it does come to that," said my mother, after listening to all my excellent good reasons to the contrary, and then repeating her own, "what will your father say? and what will his mother say about our having had him here—to entrap him, perhaps? and what will all the world say"—a little pleasure lurking in her lament;—"our poor cousin Jane to be made Lady Erlistoun?"

"Hush, mother!" for nearer came that little laugh. They two were in full and lively argument about something; they noticed nobody till we were close upon them, and then Jean turned with a start of surprise.

"O, Mark, I am so pleased!" with an unfeigned pleasure.

Lord Erlistoun likewise, with extended hand and an air of real friendship, was "exceedingly glad" to see me.

We all joined company, and paced up and down the garden till nearly starlight. Jean linked her arm in mine; and turning to Lord Erlistoun, went on with the argument. I don't remember what it was about; in fact, I did not hear much of it. I only recollect noticing the perfect frankness and freedom of her tone, mingled with a certain decision and independence which usually marks the intercourse between a woman and a man younger than herself, and possibly younger still in character.

Twenty-four and twenty-seven. Comparatively, a woman and a boy. Often a boy worships a woman—sometimes permanently, always devotedly, for as long as the passion lasts; but it is rarely that a woman's love goes backward in the dial of life, to expend itself in all its depth and power,—as a true woman alone can and ought to love,—upon a boy.

When starlight was exchanged for candle-light, and I had full opportunity of noticing them both, I saw nothing in any way to controvert this opinion; not even when coming back into the drawing-room after all the rest were gone. Jean found me still sitting over the fire, and stopped to talk a minute or two upon the nearest and most natural topic—Lord Erlistoun.

"He is here still, you see, Mark. He appears to like Lythwaite and our steady-going home-ways. And, upon my word, I think they have improved him very much; don't you?"

"He certainly is a great deal altered."

"For the better?"

"Possibly. Yes; I think for the better."

"I am sure of it. Not all surface politeness now; you may see his kind heart through it. And he is beginning to feel the useless waste of his life hitherto; thinks of dashing into politics or public business or literature. He longs for something to live for—something to do. He says he often envies you, Mark, that you have something to do."

"Does he?"

"Cousin," after a pause, "I am afraid you don't quite like Lord Erlistoun, as indeed none of us did much at first; but we should be slow of judging. We never know how much good may lie hid in people, nor how good they may finally grow. I have great hopes of Lord Erlistoun."

I looked suddenly up at her, doubting for the moment—only a moment—whether she too were playing off the usual feminine hypocrisy, or whether she was still her true self—my spotless Jean Dowglas. Ay, she was.

"Jean," I said, feeling somehow that now I ought to say it at all costs, "take care."

"Of what?"

Could I answer? But she was no child. After a moment, I saw she had answered the question for herself.

"I understand you; and Mark, though it was not quite kind of you to say that; still, such friends as we are, I should be very sorry if for a moment you misunderstood me. No; I am not in the least afraid of what you suppose."

"Why not?"

"Why not? Because I know myself, and trust myself. When we are girls," and she sighed, "out of our very innocence and ignorance we make mistakes sometimes, but not afterwards. A young man must be blind indeed, very blind, and a little conceited too, if he cannot discern at once the manner of a sincere woman whether she simply likes him or *loves* him."

"That is true."

"So, cousin Mark," smiling, "do not be unjust again, either to me or to Lord Erlistoun."

No, I wished not to be. I made every effort to see things justly, and as Jean herself saw them; and perhaps her vision was clear then. Perhaps, had Lord Erlistoun left that day, or even the next, he might have merely carried away with him the remembrance of a noble and unworldly woman, who, in the totally opposite world in which he dwelt, might have been an element of purity and goodness, lasting him at intervals all his life long. But in these things, people frequently go on safe and sure to a certain point; they cross that, on some idle hour, in some unconscious way, and there is no going back ever again.

On the Sunday evening we took a walk—Jean, Lord Erlistoun, and I—through the same fields which our old clerk in Liverpool had been talking of. It was such an evening as perhaps, poor old fellow, he had enjoyed many with that little cousin of his; the sort of evening which always puts me in mind of Wordsworth's foolish-wise rhymes,—Jean repeated them, sitting on a stile, eating clover-honey,—

"O, who would go parading
In London, and masquerading
On such a night of June,
With that beautiful soft half-moon,
And all these innocent blisses
Of such a night as this is?"

"Who would, indeed? But I am afraid I must soon." And Lord Erlistoun leant against the stile, listening to the soft, sleepy, far-off "caw-caw" of the rookery, looking up at the face of the "soft half-moon," and then at another face, also quiet, also rather sad, as if in the pathos of the hour Jean had gone back into former years, shut-up sanctuaries of her chequered life, whither no one could follow her.

"Miss Dowglas" (she started slightly.) "I wish you knew my mother. You would like her for many things—and I think likewise—" He stopped. "I had a letter from her this morning; would you feel interested in reading it?"

"Thank you; you know my fancy for reading strangers' letters. Sometimes they let one into bits of character unknown to the correspondents themselves."

"I wonder what you will find out here;" and he lingered over it,—the delicate-tinted scented envelope, with the exquisite handwriting and large coronetted seal,—before he put it into Jean's hands. "Read it all, if you will; excepting, indeed, the crossed page. She has but one fault, this mother of mine—like her one crossed page."

Jean read and returned the letter. "But I ought to confess," she said smiling, "that I saw one word—I think the name of 'Emily' or 'Emilia,' on this momentous page."

"O no, quite a mistake!" with one passing flash, fierce and bright, that showed what fire could kindle even in Lord Erlistoun's eyes. He put the letter in his pocket, and returned to the subject we had been lazily canvassing along the fields, as if in contrast to everything surrounding us,—namely, London life, "high" life, as set forth in that most sparkling and melancholy of fictions, whose very brilliancy tortures one like the phantasmagoria of disease—Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*.

"The question seems," Jean said, "is it a true picture of that sort of life? I would never shrink from any truth merely because it was painful; but is it true? I have no means of judging. Is it true, Lord Erlistoun?"

"I am afraid, in a great measure, it is."

"Then I would rather say to any sister of mine, like Hamlet, 'Get you to a nunnery; go, go, go,' than see her thrown out into the great world, to grow into the sort of woman you have described to me sometimes. I couldn't help thinking so, even in the cathedral this morning, when I looked across the aisle to the pretty baby-face of that little Lady Emily Gage."

Lord Erlistoun knocked the mud off his bo[illegible]uld risk muddy boots now,—saying carelessly,

"Miss Dowglas, what is your opinion of that [illegible]ool-girl?"

"Lady Emily? Indeed I have no possible grounds for forming an opinion at all. I only now and then have felt sorry, looking at her, to think how soon her child-life will end. I always feel great pity for an heiress. She has less than the common chances of us women."

"How do you mean,—that she is likely to be loved for anything except herself?"

"Or if she were, she would be unlikely to believe it. Poor little Lady Emily!"

"Don't waste your pity over Lady Emily. You might spend a fragment of it upon us men,—men of the world,—who never find a woman to believe in; who are sought, flattered, hunted down as it were; afraid to look at a pretty face lest it should be only a bait to hook us with; afraid to trust a warm heart, lest it should turn out as hollow as this worm cast under my foot. What chance is there for us men, when we have lost our reverence for women?"

"Not for all women," said Jean gently; for he had spoken with passion, as certainly I never in my wildest thought expected to hear Lord Erlistoun speak. "You have told me of your mother."

"And what does my mother do, even *my* mother?" His tone was lowered, but I could not help hearing it. "She writes me that there is a charming creature just ready for me,—one whose estate joins mine, and therefore will be a most suitable match,—with a good fortune, and I am poor you know; good birth, good looks, and in short, everything convenient—except love. Shall I go in a year or so, propose to her, and marry her?"

"I thought you said that for ten or fifteen years to come you were determined not to marry?"

"So I was. I abhor matrimony. Of course, after a time I must settle down as others do; but I will have my liberty as long as I can. When I do sell myself, it shall be tolerably dear, even though it be to this young lady. I won't tell you her name, lest perhaps I might finally marry her."

Whether he was in earnest altogether I know not, but Jean was. You should have seen her look of mingled pity and scorn.

"Lord Erlistoun, we will, if you please, discuss a less serious subject; on this you and I could never think alike."

"Could we not?"

Perhaps he felt that, regarding sideways the dark noble face, on which the last bit of sunset was shining,—a pale face too, for to-day she did not look either particularly well or young. While in his unwonted energy, stronger than ever I saw the distinction before spoken of, between the woman and the boy. Equally strong between the one who, living in the world, lived only for it, and its ideal of happiness; and the other, who, also abiding in it, and enjoying it so far as fortune allowed her, had yet an ideal, a spiritual sense, far, far beyond anything there.

"You think, I perceive, that I am fit for nothing better than to turn out one of those people you hate so in *Vanity Fair*—a Marquis of Steyne, perhaps?"

"I never said so or thought so, Lord Erlistoun."

"What would you have me do, then? What would you have me be?"

I, leaning on the other gate-post away from them, was struck by this speech. It is not a light matter when a man arrives at asking a woman, "what she would have him be." Possibly Jean noticed it, for she replied rather coldly,

"Indeed you are the best judge of that; every man must be the keeper of his own conscience."

"But he may gain a better self, a purer conscience, to help him. Miss Dowglas, shall I take my mother's advice and marry?"

"No!" and the truth in her, the duty of speaking it, seemed to make Jean forget every thing else. "After the fashion of marriage you have told me of, undoubtedly no. For those who see no clearer, know no better, much must be allowed; but for you who do, nothing."

I saw Lord Erlistoun smile to himself. "You do not quite understand me."

"Yes, I think I do; but we see things from such opposite points of view. You have always been used to consider marriage as a bargain, a convenience, a matter of necessary respectability; I think it a sacred thing. There can be no medium in it; it must be either holy or unholy; entire happiness, or utter wretchedness and sin. For man or woman to marry without love,—not merely liking or decent respect, but downright *love*,—is in my belief absolute sin."

Lord Erlistoun replied never a word. All along the still twilight fields he scarcely made one observation. It was my hand that helped Jean over the stiles; he did not offer to do it. My hand, large and hard it might be, not like his; but a man's pulse beat in it; it could support, and it could hold fast too.

"Will you take another turn up and down the walk, Miss Dowglas?"

"No; it is too late, I had rather go in."

She slipped away. Was it with the same sort of instinct, that whenever Lord Erlistoun came near her, for the whole remainder of the evening, she slipped away?

Well do I remember that evening, and the look Jean had—her face a little flushed, with a certain unquietness in it. She sat at the piano a long time singing; it had become a custom, I found, that she should sing every night, and to no lack of listeners. What she chose, in spite of one or two hints to the contrary from Lord Erlistoun, who seemed a little surprised at our narrow notions about "Sunday" music, were songs of Handel and Mendelssohn, among which, I remember, were some of their solemnest and most spiritual,—"I know that my Redeemer liveth," and "O, rest in the Lord;" ending, at my father and mother's desire, with an old fashioned Methodist hymn (we were Methodists when I was a child); and how the tune carried me back to the hot chapel in Rathbone Street, where, after some fierce, coarse, strongly-emotional sermon, the congregation rose, and their stout Lancashire voices threw the chorus backwards and forwards, women and men alternately:

"For we're marching on Immanuel's ground,
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
And we all shall meet at Jesu's feet,
And never, never part again.
No, never part again,—no, never part again.
O, never part again? No, never part again;
For we all shall meet at Jesu's feet,
And never, never part again!"

O life,—life so full of partings! I have often quieted the pain of it with a bit out of that old Methodist-hymn; with the echo of that "never part again."

I was up early on the Monday, as usual; but my father caught and carried me off to look at some horses he had bought for the new brougham; so that I did not get my early walk with Jean. She had taken hers though; for I met her in the hall laying her hat aside. She was late; and we waited some minutes for her before she came down to make breakfast. All breakfast-time she was exceedingly silent and grave.

Lord Erlistoun did not appear till breakfast was nearly over. When he entered, I noticed that Jean blushed burning hot, in trouble and pain, a very anguish of blushing. He did not speak to her, even to wish her good morning; but took his seat near the foot of the table, and entered with my father into a long and energetic discussion on politics. In the course of it, I overheard that he had some thought of standing for a small borough in the south of England; and to do so, it would be immediately necessary for him to leave for London.

I breathed. Yes, he was going away at last. May-be I could even feel sorry for the young man.

He did not seem much moved himself. He carried things with a high hand, and stood talking with great *empressement* of the pleasure he had enjoyed at Lythwaite Hall; but I noticed he did not give any of us the slightest invitation to return his visit.

Ay, in a few hours he would be gone. The new element he had brought into our household—as he certainly had, since different characters and classes must necessarily act and react upon one another—would depart with him. My mother might cease to put herself and her house into full-dress every evening, and my father to bring out his claret every day, as if for a dinner-party. We should go back to our old ways, and Lord Erlistoun to his. Could we? or could he? Can any new experience in any life be merely temporary, leaving no result behind? I doubt it.

Nevertheless he would most probably vanish completely out of our sphere, as if he had dropped at Lythwaite from a balloon, and gone up again by the same ethereal conveyance. Would any body miss him? Would any body care?

Of this, too, I was not quite sure.

"Liking," not loving; used in opposition to loving, rather; but most certainly she had said the word, and she did not even "like" every body.

"Mark, are you going to walk to the station? I'll walk with you."

So once again [illegible] Jean and I, under the chestnut-trees, where the white flowers no [illegible]own, soiled and scentless, beneath our feet.

"You perce[illegible]d better reconsider the chestnuts that are to be planted in [illegible]' It is not always May'—eh, Jean?"

"Ah, no!" [illegible]ight sigh, "Cousin, you need not make public that foolish speech of mine."

"About owning a park? You never mean to own one, then?"

Whether involuntarily I put into this question some meaning below the surface, I know not; but Jean answered, seriously and emphatically, "No."

Still, as she walked along, though her head was erect and her footfall firm, and she talked easily and cheerily upon our usual family topics, I fancied I could trace at times the same unquietness of mien, as of a good and true nature not quite satisfied with itself. She was "out of sorts," as people say; out of harmony with herself and with the lovely June morning; it seemed almost to give her pain.

Waiting at the station,—for she would wait,—she took my arm to walk up and down the platform.

"O, Mark," clinging a little, "I wish you were not going away; there is some comfort in you."

I asked her, after some consideration, if any thing was troubling her? would she tell me?

"No; I had rather not. In fact, I ought not. It is, after all, really nothing, it will soon be quite over. If I were not sure of that, as sure as—There's your train."

"The next train goes at 2.40. Express, remember. Lord Erlistoun wished me to inquire. He goes by it."

"O, indeed!"

"Jean, one word. Are you sorry or glad he is going?"

"Very glad; heartily glad."

"But he may change his mind again; he has a trick of doing so. Ah Jean, take care!"

"I *have* taken care."

"You are not angry at my saying this?"

"No. Good by."

My sight rested on her there for as long as the whirling train allowed, standing fixed and firm, with her shawl gathered tight round her, as if nothing in her or about her was to be left loose, subject to any stray wind of fancy, feeling or chance.

IV.

Business kept me in Liverpool for three weeks without intermission My father could only find time to go down once to Lythwaite for a day and a night. The incessant burden of money-making, money-turning, and money-spending,—the cruel slavery of riches,—sometimes weighed heavily upon even his stout heart.

"Mark," he would sometimes say to me, when we were laying our heads together over business-matters in the parlour till long after office-hours, "I sometimes think I'd ha' done better to ha' left thee a clerk, as I was myself when thee wert a bit of a lad, going back'ards and for'ards 'twixt this and the little house at Everton. Heigho, my boy, I hope thee'll get more good than thy father gets out of Lythwaite Hall."

It did sometimes seem to me strange that he and I, working here, in this musty room, under the coarse flare of gas-light, sometimes lifting our eyes from the mass of papers and mazes of figures to exchange a word or two, then again silence,—it seemed passing strange that he and I should have any part or lot in the splendours of Lythwaite Hall.

For its splendours, they might go to the winds; but then it had some sweetnesses too. Every Sunday,—that being the only day I had time to let them come,—I used to be haunted by wafts from the May-hedges, by the sound of rooks cawing, or the soft single twitter of young thrushes going to sleep in the rustling trees.

On Monday, when my father came back, I asked him if all were going on well at home.

"All well, and particularly quiet. Your mother," with a twinkle of his keen eye,—"your poor dear mother has quite given up telling folk how very much she misses Lord Erlistoun."

He was gone, then, safe and sure. Well, let him go, and prosperity go with him. He was a fine fellow in his way; but he could have done us little good, or we him. Why he came among us at all, whether from self-interest (yet rich and influential as my father was, common justice condemned me for suspecting the young nobleman of that), or whether it was one of those mere idle adventures which an idle young man is prone to, I still was ignorant; and, to threw no further mystery over the matter, I remain ignorant to this day.

Sometimes in the dull round of business, which chained my father and myself as effectually as if we were two horses in a mill, or two convicts working hand-fasted side by side, there would suddenly come across me a vision of that easy enjoyable life, pictures from which Lord Erlistoun had given us at Lythwaite,—and I had seen Jean's eyes light up on listening,—pictures of summer sunrises in the Alps, of summer sunsets over the Euganean hills, of exquisite moon-lights, brighter than our dull northern days, while lazily rocking on the blue Mediterranean seas, or skimming in and out among the lovely isles of the Grecian Archipelago. All pleasure, nothing but pleasure; bounding by no duties, burdened with no cares.

Yet, would I have exchanged lives? No.

One Saturday afternoon, when I was just thinking of him,—thinking, too, whether it would be possible to get away by the last train that night for a little, a very little, pleasure,—my notion of pleasure,—our housekeeper ushered into the back parlour "Lord Erlistoun."

I was surprised, and probably I showed it; for he looked awkward, that is, awkward for him.

Again, as I seem always to keep on saying, let me be just to him; let me not deny that delicate courtesy, that charming grace, which made the least thing he did well done; which, after the first, forced the little dark parlour and me to brighten up in his company. He gave no reasons for his visit, except a slight apology for "interruption;" but sat down as if determined to be friendly and at ease.

We talked upon ordinary topics; then, on his inquiring after my "family," about Lythwaite Hall.

"You go down every Saturday, I believe?" he said.

Was that the reason of his coming? Was it only through me that he could hear—as, in spite of all his calm politeness, he seemed nervously eager to hear,—any tidings of Lythwaite Hall?

At my age, a man is seldom without some penetration especially when his observation is sharpened by certain facts which concern no one but himself. I think I can detect falsehood in feeling or expression, and can likewise respect any feeling which is evidently honest and true.

Jean had "taken care," she plainly said. Perhaps one might even afford a little temporary regret for the temporary pain of young Lord Erlistoun.

I told him I did not go every Saturday; but intended to be at home to-night.

"Ah, indeed! It must be a pleasant thing to be able to say, as you say it, that thoroughly English word 'home.'"

Thereupon we diverged, in an abstract way, upon different branches of this same subject. I detected in what Lord Erlistoun said many turns of thought, nay, even of phrases which I recognised as my cousin Jean's. I have often noticed this fact,—how one person will involuntarily imitate, not merely the tone of mind, but slight peculiarities of word or gesture belonging to the one other person who has most influence over him or her.

Again, I say, both on this account, and from a certain restlessness which, well as he disguised it, pervaded his whole manner, thoughts, and plans,—for he poured out to me, unwilling and unresponsive confidant, a great many of these,—I could not help feeling sorry for Lord Erlistoun.

Rising to leave, he said suddenly, "You are going home to-night; might I burden you with these?"

Two letters; one addressed to my mother, the other to Miss Dowglas. Probably he noticed my surprise; for he continued:

"They are, you perceive, from Lady Erlistoun. She wishes them delivered to-night; and I think I have reason to believe your Lythwaite post is uncertain. May I ask of you this favour on the part of my mother?"

He always spoke somewhat haughtily when mentioning the word "favour;" and yet to-day there was a hesitating humility about him too.

"I was not aware of any shortcomings in the Lythwaite post; but I will deliver these safely."

"Thank you. And you return on Monday?"

"I really cannot inform you, Lord Erlistoun."

All these miles the letters seemed to lie burning in my pocket. Men, especially young men, visit about as they will, in circles higher or lower than their own. If honourable in themselves, there is no reason why they should not be acceptable; but with women it is different, or society thinks so. What on earth did Lady Erlistoun want with my mother and my cousin Jean?

I reached home late; they had not expected me. The drawing-room windows were dark. However, in the little breakfast-room I found them both presiding over a large heap of new household-linen, my mother looking busy and pleased, as she always did when, on any excuse, she could put off the fine lady and be the housewife once more; Jean rather pale and anxious; but she brightened up when she saw me at the door.

"Ah, cousin Mark!"

"Mark, my dear boy!"

Lord Erlistoun had said truly; it was pleasant coming home. I did not for an hour or more deliver the two letters. My mother opened hers in a flutter of curiosity.

"Dear me! Bless my heart! Why, Jane!"

But Jean had taken up hers, and gone out of the room.

When she came back, it was merely to say, "Good night, Mark;" and she said it hastily. Two hot roses burnt on each cheek; but her hand was very cold. It struck to my heart.

I am no advocate for the romantic dignity of silence, that is, between two people who, however much or little their mutual regard, understand and believe in one another. With such, silence is often no virtue; merely cowardice, selfishness, or pride.

"Do not go," I said; "I want to speak to you."

"I can't; I must not stay."

"Only a minute. Sit down;" for she was trembling. "Lady Erlistoun is coming to call here on Monday. Did you know?"

"Yes, he told me."

He! that little momentous word. But I passed it over; it would not do to stand upon trifles now.

"Cousin, I should like to know,—not that I have the slightest right to ask, and you may not answer, if you have the slightest objection—but I should just like to know, in explanation of something he let fall, whether, since he left, you have heard from Lord Erlistoun?"

She paused a moment, and then said slowly and sadly, "He has written to me almost every day; but I have never answered a single letter."

No need to ask what the letters were about; no need to guess what their effect must have been, coming thus, every day,—and strong must have been the impulse to make Lord Erlistoun do anything regularly every day,—coming from a young man, fresh in all the passion, the poetry of his youth.

I stood silent by the chimney-piece, meeting in the mirror over it a familiar face, well-known in Liverpool ware-houses and on the Liverpool 'Change; seeing, too, in the distance beyond, that poor flushed face of Jean's. At last she turned, and hid it on the sofa-pillow.

"Do help me, Mark. I have been so very miserable."

I took a chair and sat down, opposite the grate, with my back to her, and said—something or another. Then I waited, and waited in vain. My mother called from the staircase, "Mark, it's bedtime; see that the house is locked up;" and I answered from the parlour-door, to prevent her coming in.

"Now, Jean, tell me."

She told me: just what I had feared, nay, expected. There is no necessity to give her precise words; indeed, she explained no more than the bare fact that she might have been Lady Erlistoun.

"I thought you said you had 'taken care.'"

"Ay, that's the thing. It was my pride, my wicked self-reliance; I thought I was doing him good; I wanted to do him good; I liked him to like me. But I never thought—O, Mark, if I did wrong I have been punished!"

Punished! Then even though his letters came day after day,—even though by some unaccountable means he had persuaded his lady-mother to come and condescendingly investigate his choice, there was no fear. I had judged her rightly. Our Jean would not marry Lord Erlistoun.

"I know it will not last; he is too young. After a little it will seem to him no more than a dream. And I may have done him some good, after all. Was I so wrong, Mark?"

I attempted not from any false kindness to compromise the truth. I said, it was likely that she had been in some way wrong, since, as she had herself acknowledged, in similar circumstances the woman is rarely free from blame.

"Ay, that is it; that is my self-reproach and fear. Yet, O Mark, if you knew what it was to feel your youth going—to feel, too, that you never had had its full value, that there had been no love in it, and now it was going, gone; and if some one came and loved you, or thought he did, said you were the only creature in the world who could make him happy, make him *good*; if you saw, too, that there was some truth in what he said, that if you had been younger or he older, or if other things had been more level between you both,—you might—"

"Jean," I said, startled by the expression of her eyes, "do you *love* Lord Erlistoun?"

"I am afraid I do."

So in a moment the whole face of things was altered; so, in less than a moment, that "ship" which Jean used to laugh about, as being with most people so long in "coming home," went down, down, without the flapping of a sail or straining of a mast, to the bottom of the sea.

Otherwise I might have perceived something unnatural in those five slow words, something not right in any ear except the lover's being the first to hear them. As it was, I simply heard them, in all their force and significance to both our lives; and, so recognising them, entered upon the duty of mine.

This was plain as daylight. There was none who feel more sacredly the absolute right of love for love, than those to whom fate has denied its possession.

Jean came behind me, and laid her hand on my shoulder. She might. Henceforward I could no more have touched it, except cousinly or brotherly, than I could have put out my hand to steal the crown-jewels.

"Well, Mark."

"Well, Jean."

"I think 'tis time we said good night."

"Good night, then." A look up into her bending face, which was pale, drawn, and hard, "You will be happy, never fear."

"No; what I told you has no reference to—to *that*. If anything, it prevents it and makes easier what I did upon instinct for his good as well as mine. No, Mark; I shall always remain Jean Dowglas."

With a smile that made her face saint-like in its sadness, she passed out of my sight.

But we cannot be in a state of saint-hood always. Certain facts which four dun walls might that night have borne witness to, till such times as the rookery was all astir in the weary dawn, gave me a clue to certain other facts, which Jean's exceeding paleness next morning alone betrayed.

There was happily no one at home but us three. I kept my mother safe out of the way the best part of Sunday, and on Monday forenoon.

My good mother,—she behaved admirably. Only a few nods and winks in confidence with me, and an affectionate lingering over Jean, indicated her perception of what was going on, or her prophetic anticipation of what was undoubtedly coming. After the first expression of pleasure, she did not even refer to Lady Erlistoun's visit, and, moreover, gave me a hint to the same purport.

"You see, she doesn't like to be noticed. Very natural; I was just the same myself when your father was courting, Mark, my dear."

Monday came. My mother was rather fidgetty; dressed herself directly after breakfast in her gayest silk gown, and strongly objected to Jean's, of some soft gray stuff—mouse-colour—her usual morning-dress.

"O don't, please," Jean answered, in a weary tone. "What does it signify?"

"Well," my mother commented, after watching her stand arranging the drawing-room flowers, her customary daily duty, and then sit down to work in the far window,—"well, I don't think it does signify. Poor Emma Brown? I wonder what she would have thought of her daughter."

And my mother wiped her eyes, for all she seemed so proud and pleased.

Not many minutes after, she rushed back into the drawing-room, all in a flurry. Lady Erlistoun's carriage was coming up the avenue.

"Who is in it?" I asked. Jean did not stir.

"Only herself. Dear me, how very odd of Lord Erlistoun!"

I thought differently.

Lady Erlistoun was a very handsome woman. You saw at once where her son had inherited his delicate profile, his full soft eye. The likeness might have been stronger when she was young, or would be as he grew old. In their world, the years between twenty-four and forty-four effect much.

She resembled her son in manner too. She paid various elegantly implied compliments to my mother on the exceeding beauty of Lythwaite Hall, and her own desire to see it; then went on graciously to explain how she happened to be staying a night at the Bishop's, and was unwilling to return north without having had the pleasure of making Mrs. Browne's acquaintance; and so on, and so on, never alluding to any particular object of her visit, nor noticing, except by the customary acknowledgment, the lady who was presented to her as "Miss Dowglas."

Nor when, after this formal introduction, Miss Dowglas slowly retreated to her seat, could a less sharp eye than mine have detected the occasional wandering of Lady Erlistoun's—keenly inquisitive as women are of women—anatomising her at a glance from top to toe.

Jean sat still, proudly quiet, unmistakably fair.

"Miss Dowglas, will you take me to see your rosery? Erlistoun has spoken much of your beautiful roses." This was the first time she had mentioned her son's name.

Jean crossed the room. Lady Erlistoun watched her, every step, every trick of gesture and action of hands, as she showed the flowers in the vases; listened attentively to every word that fell from her lips, dropped easily in that lowtoned, pure English, not, alack! as my dear good Lancashire mother talked.

Let another mother meet equal justice. She, who had been used all her life to these external refinements, valuing them far beyond their worth,—and yet they are worth no little, as indications of greater things,—let her be judged fairly. Nay, I doubt now if even my mother's son and Jean's cousin had a right to feel his heart so hot within him while this noble lady stood conversing with and investigating the other lady (yes, she recognised that self-evident fact, I saw), whom her only son desired to set in her own place, as Lady Erlistoun.

And for Jean?

Once or twice, at the bent side-face, at some accidental family tone, which you can detect in most voices, I could see Jean's composure stirred; otherwise she was, as she was sure to be, simply herself. Her mind she could disguise, or rather conceal, and in degree her feelings; but her character never. To attempt it would have been to her an ignoble hypocrisy.

I followed them as they moved slowly up and down the garden, talking of books, pictures, Continental life,—as Jean could talk, if necessary, and did so. In no way could I detect in her the least faltering, the least paltering with what she owed to herself, or to us Brownes.

Us Brownes! Though Lady Erlistoun was extremely gracious, though she had too much self-respect not to fulfil to the last letter whatever courtesy she had evidently set herself to perform, still one felt, if one did not see, the soft, intangible, but inevitable, line she drew between Jean Dowglas and "us Brownes."

In leaving, she held out her hand, "I trust we shall meet again, Miss Dowglas."

"You are kind to wish it, Lady Erlistoun."

And so they parted. When, after seeing her to her carriage, I returned to bid my mother and cousin good-by,—for I was starting,—I found Jean had gone up at once to her own room.

Two days after, my father showed me a letter from Lord Erlistoun, enclosing another from his mother, and from himself a formal application for Miss Dowglas's hand.

A very extraordinary thing, the old man said—quite unaccountable. If he had known what was going on, he should have set his face against it; he didn't like those sort of marriages. But in this case, when the other party had shown such respect and consideration towards the dear girl, and towards us likewise, when it must be a thoroughly disinterested affair,—for he remembered telling the young fellow himself that, except her fifty pounds, Jean had nothing,—why, he hardly knew what to say about it.

I suggested that none of us ought to say anything. Jean was her own mistress; she must decide.

"You're right, my dear boy; of course she must." And not sorry to have the responsibility lifted off his shoulders, my father, in his own honest way, wrote to that effect.

In four days more I learnt, or at least judged from obvious evidence, that she had decided. Lord Erlistoun was again my father's guest.

That Saturday I did not go down to Lythwaite Hall.

* * * * * *

Youth and love—first love;—let not those who have passed them by turn back and deny either: they are glorious things.

In time I became accustomed to the new order of circumstances: could go home and see those two pacing the garden of mornings, or talking of evenings in the summer Sunday twilight, without feeling that their position towards each other was unnatural or wrong.

This came easier to me, perhaps, because Jean looked happy. Not at first; but when she saw how happy her lover was; how gradually, under her influence, his whole tone of mind seemed changed; how his character settled and deepened, the fine qualities in him strengthening, and the frivolous ones vanishing away,—then Jean, likewise, became at ease, and content. She evidently loved him; and love alone will make people happy for a time; not permanently; at least, not that sort of love.

Even now sometimes I fancied—could it be only fancy?—I could trace a doubt, like as when she had asked me so pitifully that very night, "Mark, was I so very wrong?" We had never spoken together confiden-

tially again; indeed, it was an understood thing in the family that Jean did not like to be spoken to on the subject of Lord Erlistoun. When and where she was to be married, my mother said, she herself had not the least idea; it seemed "rather odd of Jane."

But, either from the inherent weakness of human nature, or something different in the girl herself, every body in the household treated her with great consideration, and offered not the shadow of a reproach to the future Lady Erlistoun.

I was not of them, and had no call to be. Their Jean Dowglas was not mine—never had been; it was a very different thing. And one day, when she was mentioning something she intended to alter in the Lythwaite garden "next year," I determined to find out the truth about her engagement.

"Next year?—you forget." And I looked at her left hand, where, as I had noticed, she wore no ring.

With a rather sad smile, she turned to me. "No, I did not forget. I know what you are thinking of; but you are mistaken. I told you the truth that night."

"That you should always remain Jean Dowglas?"

"I believe I always shall."

I could not just then find words, or her manner stopped me. She went on—

"Mark, I wish to tell you one thing—which is all that any body has a right to know, and I have said it from the first, only nobody here seems to believe it,—that Lord Erlistoun is not engaged to me."

"Jean," I cried,—for it was hard to think her less than the woman I had always thought her, and yet keep silence,—"for the third time I say, 'Take care.' You are attempting a dangerous game; you are playing with edged tools."

"Am I?"

"Beware! Two people may go on together easily and friendly for a long time; but after love is once confessed, or even suspected, they *must* be lovers, or nothing. I speak as a man. You women know not what you do; you are toying with burning coals when you play fast and loose with a man's heart. It is worse than folly—wickedness. Let there be no half measures; take him, or reject him; love him, or let him go."

I spoke hotly, out of the bitterness of my soul; but she was neither hurt nor angry. A little reproach there was in her eyes, as if in me at least she had looked for something she did not find.

"Mark, cannot you understand the possibility of loving *and* letting go?"

AN OLD PEACE CONFERENCE.

By this time the famous conference fauteuils in the Tuileries salle have been rolled back to the wall—being most likely put away and covered up carefully from the dust until wanted for another such gathering. The peace-makers that sat there, and perhaps found in them luxurious solace against the tedium of the weary meetings, have long since done their work, and are gone away to their homes. Now that the atmosphere is in some sort cleared, and our ears are no longer confounded with such hurly-burly as Sulina mouth, protectorate, strip of territory, and Bolgrod difficulty, it may perhaps be found curious to look back—say, one hundred and forty-four years—and see how such grave matters were transacted at that date. With what accompaniment of fiddling and dancing and other light festivity—with what curious jumble of gay and grave, of priest and laymen, of Plenipos and beautiful ladies, of whisperings in window embrasures during pauses of the dance, of knotty difficulties smoothed away in my lady's boudoir—a great treaty was signed at Utrecht, in the year of our Lord seventeen hundred and thirteen, may be found an amusing enquiry even at this remote interval. It will be seen that the men of those days were formed of stuff not quite so stern as that which constituted the potent, grave, and reverend signors who sat so lately in the arm-chairs at Paris.

Nothing could be imagined more gay and lively than the aspect of this city of Utrecht, so often beleaguered and cannonaded, as the time for the assembling of the congress drew near. Pleasure seekers flocked thither from all parts of the world, and of a sudden the town became filled with a motley crowd of haughty seigneurs and rich strangers, together with a fair sprinkling of adventurers and chevalier d'industrie from Spa, Bagnières, and other fashionable watering-places. By and by the ministers began to drop in to the surprising number of fifty four, and their equipages, pages, and gorgeous liveries of their retainers, and running footmen—whose colours and distinguishing tokens were set forth in a small volume printed shortly after their arrival—added to the brilliancy of the scene. Nor was the charm of female attractions wanting—such of the ministers as were blessed with wives and daughters bringing them to share in the great gala, with, of course, attendant store of costly dresses and rich parures. Among whom were to be seen three peerless beauties, whose matchless perfections had been sung and raved of throughout all the courts of Europe. Travelling gallants, returned home from the grand tour, told how they had seen glittering in the saloons of Berlin the Countess Denhof, followed wheresoever she moved by all eyes, and Madame Marckchal—fair bride, just sixteen years of age, and, as the chronicle tells us, d'une tournure enchantée. Eagerly was her coming waited for by the Grand Monarque and his petits-maîtres, for her husband was already appointed ambassador to the court of France, and was to proceed thither at the termination of his Utrecht labours. Madame Dalwick, wife of the Hessian minister, completed this famous triad of beauty. There was, besides a host of lesser stars not quite so resplendent, among whom were to be seen Madame Passionel, wife of the Pope's representative; the Dutchess of St. Pierre; and, lastly, Miss Wood, or Woold, as the French must mis-spell it, daughter of the Bishop of Bristol, who was held to be a demoiselle de mérite, and much liked. With such distraction, it is wonderful how their excellencies contrived to do business at all. Pleasure first and business afterwards (reversing the popular maxim) became the established canon, or rather an agreeable mélange of both, which pleasantly lightened the labours of office. Perhaps, thanks to the intercession, sundry little difficulties were smoothed away, which might otherwise have hindered the march of the great negotiation. Who knows how much of the famous treaty was to be set down to one of Madame Denhof's seductive smiles, or a soft whisper of Madame Marckchal? Who shall tell how many times an impracticable diplomatist gave way before the witcheries of these fair but unaccredited negotiators? It is to be feared that in the cold insensible council so lately dissolved, such gentle aids to discussion would not have found proper appreciation, and the efforts of some captivating intercessor would have fallen powerless before flinty Buol or Walewski natures.

Before, however, any serious business could be thought of, certain terrible breakers showed themselves a-head, on which it was just possible the congress might split and go to pieces at once. With fifty-four excellencies present, each with their following of servants, livery-men, pages, ecuyers, and the like, it was only to be expected that brawls and quarrels on the score of precedence would result when rival nations came in contact. It is written, then, that at the very first sitting of this Utrecht conference a solemn treaty or convention of many articles was rédigé, by which provision was made for the better behaviour of their excellencies' Jehus and running footmen. It was decreed, in the first instance, that every commissioner should drive to the place of meeting in a coach drawn by no more than two horses, and attended by a small following only. Further, that to avoid contestation parmi les cochers, each should draw up at the door where their masters had alighted. MM. les Plenipotentiaries were also enjoined to use their best efforts towards hindering quarrels among their coachmen and lacqueys—these latter being conjured to treat each other with douceur and bonnêteté. Provision was even made for a delicate point of professional etiquette, on which tenants of the Bon are proverbially sensitive—viz, as to the right of passing first in a narrow street. In the public walks and promenades, when their excellencies would go forth in state attended by their train of attendants, every one was enjoined to keep strictly to his own side, giving place to others with all gentleness and politeness—By this means, what has been a fruitful source of quarrel in all ages and countries—taking shape in our own land as the right to the wall-side—was in some measure sought to be avoided. The history of London life during the last century is full of such unhappy rencontres—gallants stepping out into the road to settle the quarrel there and then. Again, no page, lacquey, or domestic was to carry sword, stick, or other weapon. Above all, no one was to be seen in the streets after ten o'clock, and transgressors were to be handed over to the schout or police officer.

In spite of all this sage legislation, almost before the congress had met a second time, a difficulty arose between the following of two of the ministers. News arrived one day of the defeat at Denain, and the domestics of the Dutch plenipotentiary, Count Rechteren—possessed of vast estates, and married to Princess —— brought home word to their master that when passing the hotel of M. Mesnager his servants had made insulting gestures at them. M. le Comte de Rechteren cannot credit such effrontery. What? he, a great Dutch noble, one of the Hogen Mogen, and husband of a princess! Impossible! Accordingly, he ordered round his carriage; and, to convince himself, bade his coachman drive past the scene of the affront. He was to be convinced. The French valets were still standing about the door, and repeated their offensive gestures. The Count returns home furious, and pens a note to M. Mesnager, complaining of the insult and demanding reparation. That minister, with true French insouciance, affected to treat the whole affair as a mere bagatelle. His excellency must have been mistaken—he had enquired among his servants—nothing of the sort had taken place. However, he would make further perquisitions. After a proper interval, during which M. Mesnager appeared to be sleeping over the matter, the Count again wrote, demanding that his valets should be confronted with those of the French minister. This, M. Mesnager, naturally foreseeing the inevitable consequences, and of which his hotel would be the scene, put lightly aside with more French excuses. Upon this, the high-spirited Dutchman, seeing that no redress was to be had in this quarter, bade his servants take the law into their own hands and right themselves on the first opportunity. This was not long in presenting itself.

The Mall was crowded with idlers and gay promenaders, conspicuous among whom were to be seen the envoys of the different countries, each at the head of a brilliant train. Before long, the two ministers met face to face. M. le Comte repeated his demands for satisfaction, and complained of the length of time allowed to elapse before conceding his just demands. M. Mesnager could only repeat—as before—that he had made every exertion to discover the culprit but without success. M. le Comte upon this stepped aside, and his followers without further preface, rushed upon those of the French minister, and a desperate melee ensued, in which the victory finally remained with the Dutch. M. Mesnager was indignant at this conduct, and wrote home to the King, his master. The great Louis was very wroth, and despatched angry letters to the States-General refusing to allow his ministers to take part in the conference, until the offending minister had been withdrawn. In short, there were elements here for a very pretty quarrel, and the congress might have been cut short prematurely, had not the Count de Retchteren insisted so strongly on his resignation being accepted by the States, that they were forced to give way to his wishes. Thus was averted an awkward complication—for Louis was preparing to carry matters with a high hand.

The plenipotential fifty-four had not been many days together, when the disturbing influences of beauty began to make itself felt. It got abroad that the Count de Tarouca, envoy of his Portuguese Majesty, was busy planning a series of fêtes, and was actually supervising the construction of a dancing pavilion in his garden. Readers will here bethink them of a certain other pavilion sent out to a noble ambassador, not so many months since; which, however, was to add to the glories of a coronation, not of a sober conference. Count Tarouca's improvised ball-room was two hundred feet long, garnished round with two rows of magnificent orange-trees, and hung with rich tapestries. But, as ill luck would have it, on the very eve of the fête, a difficulty arose, which went nigh to ruin the whole. It was on a delicate point of etiquette: the Duc de St. Pierre having unhappily conceived the idea that the Count Tarouca owed him the first ceremonial visit. The Count, on his side, refused to give way, being persuaded that he was equally entitled to this unlucky ceremonial visit. Every one was in despair. The fêtes would be ruined. For it was well-known that the French visitors would take part with their injured duke, or rather with his brilliant duchess, who was one of their nation, and would absent themselves from the festival. And it was felt that a fête without the French strangers would be indeed lame and impotent. Just as matters seemed desperate (it was already the evening before the great day), the Marquis de Miremond stepped in, through whose good offices the recalcitrant Count was prevailed upon to strike, and went that same night to pay his respects to the duke and duchess. The beau monde breathed again. All went merrily as a marriage-bell.

Those fêtes must have been truly magnificent. The first day was for the entertainment of the fifty-four, consisting of a grand banquet, followed by a theatrical exhibition. They were seated round a great oval table, where they were served with the most exquisite dishes and delicacies. Marvels of cookery were set before them in such numbers and profusion as to defy enumeration. It was remarked, too, that all these dishes were brought in and set with an ordre et un tranquillité admirable; which shows that the blessings of noiseless attendance were well understood, even in those days. Fourteen great lustres, and two hundred lights illuminated this apartment, while at one end was to be seen a gorgeous buffet of gold and silver plate, of exquisitely shaped vases, containing the choicest wines and liqueurs. Great mirrors—rare enough in those days—were disposed at intervals round the room, and a band of musicians in the gallery, discoursed sweet music throughout the evening. Miracles of confectionery art were there, gigantic sugar temples, fountains, and trees with artificial fruit. The service was exquisite porcelain from Japan. In short, never was plenipotential heart so rejoiced before.

Next was to follow the theatrical representation, to witness which the party adjourned to a pretty extemporised theatre. Though this was especially the gentlemen's feast (la fête des messieurs), and no ladies had been invited, still, three of the beauties, the Duchess St. Pierre, with Mesdames Dalwick and Bergomi, presented themselves at the theatre door, and were joyfully welcomed by the noble host. The comedy of La Femme Juge et Partie then commenced and was played admirably by the actors engaged: being followed by a sort of harliquinade—an entertainment then very popular. The evening wound up with an illumination on the water in front of the Count's hotel, which sent everybody home delighted with the day's entertainment.

Next morning ushered in the ladies' feast, two hundred of whom were invited by the Count, not to mention many more who came unbidden, drawn, we are told, by curiosity, and who were courteously made welcome. The dresses were d'une magnificence enchantée, and everything passed off delightfully. Even an awkward matter of etiquette (something of the sort seemed to lie in wait for members of the congress at every turn) was turned by the polished Count to so much social capital. With so many stately personages present, who was to go first? Who was to be led out for the first minuet? The Count disposed of the matter very happily by requesting a young nobleman to select a partner, and commence dancing at once. Thus was the ball, as it were, accidentally opened, and no one's dignity was wounded. Not till five o'clock next morning did the unwearied Plenipos bethink them of turning homeward.

But, there was yet more to come. The Count de Tarouca, having so gracefully performed his part in the round of pleasures, gave place to his colleague, Don Louis d'Acunha, who threw open his salons that very night for a grand bal-masqué. This species of entertainment had never been witnessed in the sober city of Utrecht and was looked forward to with extraordinary curiosity. Even the tailors and milliners had to be initiated into the mysteries of masks and dominos, having never heard of any such gear till then. The result was a brilliant festival, perfectly dazzling by the multitude and variety of the dresses. The fascinating duchess was of course present, figuring in the strange character of Scaramouche, which may be likened to the modern debardeur costume; while Madame Denhof, with far better taste, appeared in a simple Spanish dress.

Still, this was not enough. These great entertainments were a little overgrown—perhaps too crowded; and it was thought that a series of small fêtes, given only to a select few, would be less constrained, and fill up the dead portion of the week pleasantly. Accordingly, the first of these little re-unions took place, in a few days, at Count Denhof's, and the amusements of the evening was a grown-up children's play, known as the Gâteau des Rois, which seems to have resembled our twelfth-night games. That grave senator, my Lord Comte de Strafford, was chosen king, and selected the pleasure-seeking duchess for his queen. Twenty people exactly assisted at this little gathering, and it was ingeniously suggested that each member of the clique should entertain the rest in his turn. So admirable an idea was not allowed to fall to the ground; and, before separating, an heir to the crown, in the person of the Roman minister, was chosen, who was to be the hero of the next Gâteau des Rois. Even the polished Abbé de Polignac, and my Lord Evêque de Bristol, contributed their share to the merry-making. A few days later, the gallant Tarouca, not content with his previous exertions, must needs throw open his great pavilion for another high festival. So the round of pleasure and of mumming went on.

Perhaps it was while performing Gâteaux des Rois with Madame Marckchal and other diplomatic syrens, that my Lord Comte de Strafford was seduced into consenting to terms, long afterwards held to be shameful and discreditable to England.

During another fête given by Count Denhof, and which did not break up till long past midnight, a stroke of business was effected. It was noted that late in the night, the Abbé de Polignac and Count Zizendorf had withdrawn together into the recesses of a window, and had there communed for a space of some three hours. It was further discovered that my Lord Comte de Strafford had disappeared about midnight, and was proved to have gone away in the Dutch minister's coach, to my Lord Evêque de Bristol's, whence he had not departed till three o'clock in the morning. Very important matters were concluded during this vigil: nothing less than a renewed guarantee for the succession to the English Crown, and Barrier Treaty betwixt England and Holland. Of such importance was this night's work held to be, that Le Sieur Harrison was sent away at early dawn, bearing despatches for the English Court. More fêtes succeeded, the unwearied Count Tarouca striking in again and again, with ball and masquerade, whenever there were symptoms of flagging. At last, news arrived of the death of the King of Prussia, which event prematurely cut short the festivities.

In this fashion did the famous Utrecht Treaty come to be signed, exactly one hundred and forty-four years ago.

TWO MILLIONS OF TONS OF SILVER.

The future historian of Great Britain will doubtless relate, among the fashions of the nineteenth century, the rise and progress of aquariums,—how ladies, grown weary of buying and losing and rebuying their cats and dogs, drowned their sorrows in salt-water and transferred their affections to a lively shrimp. But while they are exploring the living wonders of the deep, scientific men have been ransacking the sea for treasures, if not as interesting, at least as valuable as the beautiful zoophytes; and their experiments have led them to the conclusion that the ocean holds dissolved two million tons of silver.

To three French chemists the discovery is due. They took gallons of water from the coast of St. Malo, a few leagues from land, and analysed it in two ways. A portion of the water they acted upon by the usual tests on silver; and the presence of the precious metal was clearly ascertained. The remainder of the water they evaporated; and the salt they obtained, they boiled with lead.

This gave them a button of impure lead, which they subjected to what is called cupellation. This rather grand word denotes a very simple process. The button is placed upon a little tiny saucer made of lime, and is submitted to heat sufficient to melt the lead, but not high enough to affect the silver, should any be present. The lead soon begins to melt, and, as it melts, it is sucked up by the porous little saucer or cupel: it grows smaller and smaller, until no lead remains, and in its place is a little brilliant speck, far brighter than the boiling lead. The cupel is then removed from the fire, and as it cools the redhot sparks cool too, and you have a homœopathic globule of silver, very much like one of those small pills that druggists delude smokers into buying to take away the smell of the fragrant weed. The operation, as I have said, is very simple, and is the ordinary mode of procuring silver from the ore. Analyses are being made in this way, every day, at the Mint. When the presence of silver is doubtful, the work is most exciting. I saw an English ore so tested the other day, and sure enough, after a few minutes of anxious watching, shone forth a bright spark about the size of a pin's head, for which our eyes were longing. The ore proved a very rich one, and we shall most likely soon hear more about it.

But we must not forget our French friends. Again and again they repeated the experiment with the same success. Then they sat down and made the calculation that a cubic mile of ocean contains two pounds and three-quarters weight of silver. After this, they made another series of experiments: they gathered seaweeds, preferring those known to botanists as fuci; because, as those plants have no roots to insert into the rocks, they must derive all their aliments from the sea. These they analyzed, and found them twenty-six times richer in silver than the water itself.

The results attracted the attention of an English chemist, Mr. Frederick Field, who is engaged in assaying silver in Chili; they induced him to commence a course of experiments upon the copper or yellow metal with which the hulls of vessels are sheathed. His knowledge of chemistry told him that if the sea contained silver, he would in all probability find the metal on the bottoms of vessels that had been at sea. He soon had an opportunity of testing the correctness of his surmise. The *Ana Guimaraens*, a large vessel under the Chilian flag, was hauled down to be repaired near Coquimbo, where Mr. Field resides. The ship had been seven years at sea, and trading the whole of the time in the Pacific Ocean; so that if silver existed in any ship's bottom it certainly would in the *Ana Guimaraens*. A few ounces of the metal sheathing were taken, and, after a careful analysis, Mr. Field obtained from five thousand grains a trifle more than two grains of silver, which is equal to one pound one ounce two pennyweights fifteen grains in the ton. There was no yellow metal on board the ship by which a comparison could be made with that which had been exposed to the salt-water. But, shortly afterwards, another vessel came into dock, and from her cabin a piece of metal was taken which had never been exposed to sea-water, and another piece of equal weight was removed from the hull, which had been three years afloat. The metal from the hull yielded eight times as much silver as that taken from the cabin. Similar comparative analyses were made on other vessels, and a difference between the two metals was invariably found: the difference varying according to the length of time the ship had been at sea. In those ships that had been the shortest time at sea the difference was least, and *vice versâ*.

But, why should there be any silver in the brass and copper used in the cabins? Well, it appears that in these metals there is generally a little silver—two or three pennyweights per ton; and beyond this, Mr. Field accounts for it from the employment of masses of metal melted down from old sheathings which derive their silver from former voyages. One other experiment Mr. Field is at present carrying out. He has granulated some very pure copper—a portion is reserved in a bottle to be compared at a future period with the other portion, which is floating in a wooden box, perforated on all sides, a few feet below the surface of the Pacific. When a good-humoured captain puts into Coquimbo, he takes the box in tow, and drags it at the stern of his vessel up and down the coast of Chili. Just as you have tried to catch a mackerel's tail, so is Mr. Field trying to catch silver with his copper bait.

The curious discovery of sea-water silver gives rise to one or two questions. Where, for instance, does the silver come from? Has it been extracted from the earth by artificial means, the waste of man's diggings, borne to the bosom of ocean by rivers, which, like giant arteries, burst from the heart of the earth? It could scarcely be that man, avaricious man, could have let two millions of tons of silver so slip through his fingers. No! we may acquit the world of so egregious a blunder. That the presence of silver in the sea is more ancient than human folly or cupidity, M. Durocher and his friends, who first called attention to the subject, have proved by procuring the precious metal from crystals of rock salt which had been deposited anterior to the existence of man upon this earth.

One experiment leads to another. If the sea could be made to yield silver, where might not the metal be found? The wood of the oak, birch, beech, hornbeam, a pen, apple, and ash, grown at long distances from the sea, and which had never been manured with salt or seaweed, has been burnt, and in the ashes silver has been detected. But, if plants contained silver it was not difficult to infer that it existed also in animals. This was proved to be the case by an experiment which brought these remarkable researches to a triumphant conclusion. An ox was sacrificed to science, and in his blood was discovered the same valued metal.

The explanation of these phenomena is not very difficult. The sulphide of silver, or silver in combination with sulphur, is very widely diffused in nature. Salt-water attacks the sulphide and converts it into chloride of silver, which it dissolves by the agency of common salt. So, also, the common salt contained in the water of the earth acts in a similar manner, dissolving out small quantities of metal, which it carries off and transfers to plants, and from plants it is received by animals in their food.

What the value of the discovery may be, remains to be proved. Wiseacres may shake their heads, and pronounce it useless. But, if no attempt be made to turn it to account, one of two things will be clearly shown; either that silver is not so scarce as some people would make us believe, or else we can do very well without it.

FONTAINEBLEAU.

During his visit to France, the Grand Duke Constantine, brother of the reigning Emperor of Russia, will pay a visit to the ancient and celebrated Palace of Fontainebleau. Some of the most magnificent apartments are already being fitted up for his reception in a style of imperial elegance harmonizing with the grandeur of the building and the gaiety of its historical associations.

Fontainebleau appears destined to vicissitudes. It is left for years, perhaps, empty and desolate—then its abandoned halls are suddenly lit up for a festival, its delightful park is traversed by groups of courtly merry makers, and its forest resounds with the mellow echoes of the huntsman's horn.

Fontainebleau was early a place of importance, the seat of a vice regency, the head quarters of royal hunting grounds, the graceful queen of forests and fountains. Does not its name suggest murmuring rills and sounds of rippling waters? as by some it is derived from *Fontaine des belles eaux!*—fountain of beautiful waters!—and they who have seen this princely city, embosomed amid woods and hills, will remember well how truly it deserves its title. The three chief streets are full of noble hostelries, almost mimic palaces, that abut upon the royal residence, the grand palace, the birthplace and the home of monarchs. It was here that Philip the Fair died in 1314. It was here that Henry III. and Louis VIII.

were born. It was here that the Kings of France went with their whole Court to pass the autumn. Saint Louis called this sheltered town his desert and his solitude. It was to this spot that he retired from the cares and anxieties which sit within the circle of the kingly crown and mock at royalty, to meditate, as he was wont to do—for he was but a throned monk—upon the vanity of human greatness and the reality of human griefs.

Francis I., the earliest patron of French art, began to embellish the palace; Henry IV. followed his example, and enlarged it, for it was his favourite retreat. He also built for the beautiful Gabrielle d'Estrees the Chateau of Saint Ange. The building itself, without including the offices and barracks attached, the gardens and the park, covers an immense area, and contains a number of fine saloons, chambers, and galleries. In one of these large galleries, more than three hundred feet in length, are represented all the victories of Henry IV., or, as he is sometimes called, Henry of Navarre. The gallery of Francis I., or the Grand Gallery, is decorated by paintings showing in perspective several of the royal residences, such as St. Germain-en-Laye, Monceaux, Amboise, Chambord, and others, and is one of the most striking in the palace, being characteristic of the style of art of the period of the Renaissance. It also supplies specimens of some of the productions of the Italians who were attracted by the king's patronage to France. The roof is of walnut wood; its walls are richly panelled, and covered with stucco scroll work, carvings, trophies, devices, among which the Salamander of Francis is frequently repeated, alternating with caryatid figures, medallions, and bas-reliefs. These serve partly as frames to fourteen pictures in fresco, the work of Rossi, a Florentine, and his scholars; one of them, however, a picture, the subject of which is Danae, is attributed to Primaticcio. Most of the pictures, however, of this period, were of such a character that Anne of Austria, when she became regent, felt justified in destroying a part of them. This will account for the imperfect remains we have of this school at Fontainebleau.

Opposite this gallery, is another, also adorned with paintings, and one, a cabinet, containing tapestries, Sevres china, and other *objets d'art*. The chamber known as the Queen's Gallery, possesses a number of excellent pictures; amongst others, some further illustrating the victories of Henry the Fourth. Formerly this gallery opened upon an aviary, more than two hundred feet long, in the middle of which was a round tower, open on every side. This aviary was airy and well lighted, being, in fact, constructed of iron trellis-work. Trees and bushes were placed in it, so disposed that the birds could build their nests in them, whilst beneath, two fountains constantly played, and filled various channels, which intersected this delightful artificial paradise for birds with perpetually running streams. The *Cabinet de Travail* contains a little mahogany round table of special interest. It was at this table, a *fac simile* of which, spotted with blood, is hung against the wall, that Napoleon signed his abdication in 1814. The bedroom remains nearly as he left it. Louis Philippe, who was very fond of Fontainebleau, contributed largely towards its embellishment. In fact, in such a dilapidated state was the palace, so greatly had time, neglect, and violence dimmed the splendour of this venerable seat of kings, until he undertook to repair it, that he may almost be regarded as the restorer of it. The apartments known as the *Appartements des Reines*, from the fact that they were originally occupied by Catherine de Medici and Anne of Austria, were entirely set in order by him, and given as a residence to his son, the unfortunate Duke of Orleans, on the occasion of his marriage. They had not entirely been unoccupied before this time, for it was here that the Emperor Napoleon detained, or rather imprisoned, the Pope for three years, until he extorted from him his consent to the Concordat.

There are other rooms and compartments of the palace worthy of note. Amongst these may be mentioned, the *Chapelle de St. Saturnin*, the walls of which are said to have been standing in the reign of Louis VII. Subsequent kings and architects have remodelled and readorned it, so that perhaps little of the original remains.

Attached to, or rather forming a part of the palace are several courts, the principal of which is the *Cour du Cheval Blanc*, which derives its title from the circumstance, that a plaster cast of the celebrated equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius at Rome, made by order of Catherine de Medici, formerly stood here. The cast no longer exists. This court forms also the principal approach to the palace, which is entered by a large flight of steps. On this flight, Napoleon, on the eve of his departure for Elba, the theatre of his first exile, stood when he addressed the remnant of the Old Guard which still attended him, and bade them farewell. This event has been illustrated in the well known picture of "Les Adieux de Fontainebleau." If we mistake not, it was in the same court that he again revealed himself to his faithful followers, on his return from captivity.

The gardens, which form one of the principal ornaments of the palace—the building itself being low and rather of a characterless description than otherwise—are: the Queen's Garden, where Diana is represented leaning against the pedestal of a fountain, surrounded by other bronze figures; the Garden of the King, in the middle of which, the fountain of the Tiber, a large bronze figure, with a she-wolf suckling the orphans Romulus and Remus, is very curious; and the English Garden, bordered by a triangular pond, in the centre of which rises an island pavilion.

At each of the four corners of the garden is a fountain and a statue of Cleopatra in bronze. Beyond these gardens, is a spacious artificial sheet of water, too large to be called a pond, and too small to be called a lake, into which the streams of the fountains pour themselves. This is shadowed on either side by tall, graceful trees, or rather woods, for between this and the forest is no division, the forest coming down to the verge of this plantation, and the plantation stealing deep into the forest.

As a place of residence, Fontainebleau is charming; it is still more charming to the occasional visitor who rushes down from the bustle and the heat of Paris to enjoy its cooling water, its salubrious air, its verdant shades, and its lovely prospects.

Nor is Fontainebleau without its worthies. It is the native place of Chaize, the painter; Carton, Dancourt, (first lawyer, then actor, and, at last, writer of comedies), and Claude Lefevre (the celebrated artist, who died in London, in 1675), were born here, whilst Gaston de Foix, the nephew of Louis XII., Henry III., and Philip the Fair, first saw light, within its precincts.

The grand central range of apartments will be occupied by the Grand Duke Constantine, during his temporary stay. Orders have been given for a hunting stud to be in readiness in the palace stables, in order that the imperial prince may join in the far famed sports of the foresters of Fontainebleau. The town, of course, anticipates his visit with extraordinary interest, for it is not a common thing for a French provincial to see the brother of a Czar.

THE RIDES AND REVERIES OF MR. ÆSOP SMITH.

EDITORS ÆSOPIZED.

I never meet our gallant master of the fox-hounds—the fresh old evergreen, General Hulme—without being reminded of some of the cares and hindrances of a certain editorial friend of mine. His difficulty always is the crowd of volunteers. Our pink and well-appointed regulars, a good score of them, are really quite field enough for us without danger of riding over the hounds; but invariably there assemble at the meet (nominally to see us throw off, but in bitter practice to hinder all sport by too often heading back the fox when otherwise he would have broken out of cover) the same sort of posse of male and female equestrians as in the Pegasus-riding way overwhelm my friend the editor with their needless contributions.

Now and then, too, some Cockney horseman, in Napoleon boots and a cut-away, will volunteer a solo on his horn (stupid animal!) to the utter discomfiture of the hounds, and signal execration of old Hulme and his huntsmen. Isn't this that frequent bore, a bad poet, Mr. Editor?

Again, some helpless woman, with her draggled skirt, will be sure to have got irrevocably in everbody's way, while her skittish canterer has lamed Jangler or Wrangler, or poor old Juno. Isn't this your long-winded flowery prosaist, with her Penelopean web of tamest "True story," to be continued—no end to the chapters of possible accidents and untimely incidents?

Again, two or three schoolboys will be making a first essay (small blame to them though, and I like the boys the better for such spirit,) and on their little Shetlanders nearly always get run over. These are juvenile authors, feathering their quills; perhaps a necessary evil (for the breed must be kept up,) but no use for this hunt at all events, and no small care to look after.

And last of all, it must be confessed that, besides yonder awkward squad of volunteers, there can be *muffs* even in the elect band of these pink and well-appointed regulars! All promise and small performance—better to look at than to go—who raise expectation only to disappoint it, and with the jauntiest of external appliances, are utterly void of pluck or genius. How should our hale, hearty old General have the tact and patience to please everybody? Impossible. He won't even try to do it, if he's as wise as I take him to be.

Then, again, the same sort of thoughts as to editorial bothers and duties come into my mind when I contemplated Jem Bent, our huntsman, and his pack. The meet is periodical, and cyclical, the hounds drafted from the kennel for their individual qualities, according to the line of country to be crossed that day. Every good dog has his name and fame, his peculiarity of temperament and talent, his specialty for the cover or the run; the fox, we'll style what we hunt—Success—must have all the old earths stopped beforehand, in the way of adversaries conciliated, rivals to dinner, laudatory notices exchanged, and so forth; and, depend upon it, Jem Bent has to make plaint of many a half-broke hound or lagging puppy among his pack, who will either give tongue after vermin, or ignominiously tail off.

But those characteristics above of the periodical and the cyclical hint at a nobler similitude: our editor may well be likened to that sublimest among the students, an astronomer.

Are not his chief care the monthly phases of a sphere, which to his individuality is no less than "velut inter ignes Luna minores?" Doth not the ebb or flow of the world's great tides, popular opinion and literary glory, considerably depend (according to his complacent theory) on the influence of that moon aforesaid? Must he not habitually out-watch the Bear o' nights, and be a most diligent consumer both of midnight oil and small-hours' ink? And do they not, both astronomer and editor, zealously work as hard as if all motions, earthly and heavenly, wouldn't go on just as well without them, and feel as proudly happy in their toil as if indeed their knowledge lit the moon, their power influenced the tides?

WINDING-UP.

What a pace we are going at!

I'm not thinking of the literal gallop though, often as it quickens my fancies; but of this whirling world of ours, and its events, matters and things in general. What a pace it is! What a hard run to the death-cry of Time.

Folks differ strangely about this mighty question. One man will discern human progress barely emancipate, just developing in the incipience of a comparative freedom, and hopeful to run a more and more glorious course for myriads of future years. Another will judge that everything about us appears to be nearing its great wind-up, approaching the uttermost *ne plus ultra*, and leaving next to nothing now for men to do or to discover, but simply to wait awhile and see the end of all things.

Where is the spot of earth untrodden, of sea unchartered, of literature unhackneyed, of science uncultivated, of reality unknown, of romance unimagined?

From the North-West passage to central Africa, from Formosa to Enderby's Land, from Hammerfest to Patagonia, all's known, and done, and used up; nothing remains for enterprise to accomplish or adventure to find out. Every shelf of every bookcase is full, and not one topic left unindexed; and with far more intensity than the wise king of old, we may in truth murmur about there being nothing new under the sun.

Is not the topstone set to every old beginning; and all the ravelled skeins of Nature and Providence being gathered up neatly, as with housewife's care?

Ay; we live in a time that looks very like the consummation of times; though very possibly every Christian age in its hope or its ignorance has thought the very same though about itself; there is a complacent self-importance in the fancy. Of dates, signs, and seasons none dare speak confidently, forasmuch as prophets' years are of an uncertain length, and there may be many typical fore-shadows of the one final consummation. But the world's harvest does seem to be ripening speedily; chronology tells us that we are in the Saturday evening of our poor old mother Earth's six working-days of her misery, each such day being a thousand years, before the one grand forthcoming Sabbath of millenial rest.

And faster is the pace we rush at even while we talk of it. Some short twenty years ago, the world's wheels drove heavily in comparison of their rapid rushing now. The trains of circumstance are going at express speed, and Time's quickest gallop seems likely to be his last.

IN RE OLD NEWSPAPERS.

What a sucked orange is a read newspaper; what an undiscovered country an unread one! You take it up with the luxurious expectancy of an Epicurean, and you fling it down, all known, a rated Stoic. Who could live intelligently now-a-days without that high-spiced morning cup to wash his eyes withal, or mingle equally amongst his fellows, unposted up to the last minute in all the busy world's histories? For a newspaper has well been called, "The history of the world for to-day;" and everybody recognizes it as the great necessity of civilized existence.

I always give away newspapers among our rustics, excepting only the advertisement sheet; for no one knows how sadly this last (usually supposed to be the most unobjectionable) is apt to unsettle mere simplicity. In the list of Wanted, each supposes himself especially called; and where folks advertise enormous wages, as they are apt to do for clubs and botanical gardens, my cook forthwith accounts herself ill-used if she has not sixty pounds a year, and my gardener ditto, a hundred and fifty; while as to ample fortunes in return for twelve postage stamps, our rural population evidently would keep the town rogues' bladders well afloat.

So, mind you never give away the *Times* advertisement-acre: nor on the other hand ever selfishly destroy its often noble leaders; let poor Clodpole raise himself thereby, if anyhow he can; but not for humanity's sake upon the inflated wind-bags of its advertisement sheet. Young girls especially have often walked straight into some villainous mousetrap, on the bait of some London situation.

So, then, when you do give away your papers, it will be well that you remember Æsop's caution to make fire-paper of the advertisements.

THE DITCH AND THE WELL.

A certain ditch became proud of its popularity with the cattle who thronged to it for drink, and it loudly despised a neighbouring well that was too deep for such popular watering. "Nay, but," remonstrated the well, "please remember, good ditch, (whose usefulness I won't presume to dispute,) that all your water comes from other places, but mine solely from myself; ay, and you'll be dry enough in hot summer, ditch, when the thirsty beasts most need you; but just at that critical season my virtues are best valued, for I never fail of my supplies, as all flocks know."

Here is the difference, friends, between your surface lecturer and your deep philosopher; though now and then you get the noble combination of a Faraday a running stream from a well-head, equally amusing to the young and instructive to the old.

But in most other cases, (we name no names, for courtesy's sake) the waters of our profoundest wells are too roughly walled, too deeply sunk, easily to be accessible to the vulgar. Was ever any publication so utterly unreadable as the Philosophical Transactions? Any method of oral elucidation more incomprehensible than that of the illustrious astronomer, M'Fungus! Or, were any manners ever more repulsive than those of Professor Growl?

Your rapid facile itinerant too, who lectures here and there for lucre, how very like he is in boastfulness (as well as a certain sort of usefulness admitted), to this ditch I've just had to jump.

STRUGGLES.

Your strength is to sit still. To keep one's seat quiet in the racing riot of life, patient courage is the quality, just as in the literal saddle.

I once saw a poor fellow drowned he was bathing in a pond and got out of his depth, floundering frantically; in a few moments (for there was no help near, and I was but a child,) he was quite under water, and then a gaunt hand gasping at nothing came up, and clutched thrice, and sank!

Now, if that struggling unfortunate had but kept his hands down, everybody knows he might have floated, and so have tarried for the help that came speedily, but all too late.

Thus with the troubles of life; don't struggle, take things easily, and calmly, and firmly; there's always time enough, and space enough, and chance enough, yes, and good strong providential help when sought for, if the quietness of courage be but ready at hand to take advantage of untoward no less than toward circumstances. Presence of mind is just this, the making a man equal to all emergencies, master of every position, king of men and things.

Look at yonder nervous tyro taking a fence, fussing his hunter with his own fearfulness, and by no means unlikely to be left ignominiously in the ditch; look again at the steady man whose motto is "keep cool," mesmerically taming down the fury of his animal, and leaving all behind him in a business-like way. You have the same in life. Success is not with the undignified struggler, habitually timid, and only daring by fits and starts, but it abides with the constant hero of quiet, persevering, unobtruded effort, who resolutely (however slowly,) wins the goal he makes for.

OLD MAIDS.

Just passed the four Misses Larkins, taking their forlorn constitutional on Milford Common; the age-ing maiden-aunts of that mad-cap Charles, and too often made the butts of his ridicule, although they love him dearly.

Poor things! I remember them all years ago graceful enough, and prettyish girls; and I've seen them in succession wane away, till thus they have subsided into hopeless old maidenhood. Who can tell the weariness of spirit, the disappointment and dejection, wherewith each one has seen her youth glide by, and all its charms and hopes and yearnings vanish? Who can estimate their heart-martyrdom of blighted and ignored affections? Who can guess the pain that has dried up in them all those natural gushing feelings of womanhood, and changed the once warm girls so absolutely into frigid spinsters? Charles, Charles, forbear that silly jesting; it is heartless, unjust, ungrateful. All such deserve of us men, respectful pity and love; and more than indulgence for any pettiness and frettiness of temper we may find in them.

Society is ever harsh and witheringly scoruful to any one whose chances are past, and never considers that an old maid often represents the romantic constancy of a young but unfortunate attachment, or the devoted sacrifice of love of duty. And how usually in country homes, or the sometimes deeper solitude of cities, our brightest beauties blush unseen, and grow up and grow old with scarce a chance of happy love and marriage. You and I know scores of likely girls, with nobody coming to woo—a wall-full of over-ripening peaches, with no hand to pluck them, and only heaven's universal sun to kiss them on the willing cheek: a pity, an utter pity, and a waste of human happiness. And you and I have often wondered how it should happen so perpetually that so many vixens win the prizes of the marriage-mart, while so many kind and charming women die unwooed and unwon. I really think it must be that their over-exquisite modesty makes not sign enough for our masculine vanity, as we men are too often carried off captive by the sheer impudence of amazons who flatter and wink, and give us no trouble in the seeking; but are apt to pass by the sweet retiring girl, whose unobtrusiveness repels advances. Concealing everything, they are themselves concealed—forgotten; and, if old Æsop may whisper a word in any such good girl's ear, he would say to Phyllis, "Give Corydon more encouragement."

HAMMER AND NAIL.

When to leave off is no small part of wisdom.

Look at that carpenter's apprentice. The ten-a-penny nail was fixed firm enough right up to the head, but fussy over-hammering must give just three more blows to make all surer, and the whole shank is loosened in its socket by the jar.

Again, a neighbour artist's very clever sketch had just exactly dashed off nephew Robert's likeness. It was quite unmistakable—the exact twist of his mouth and wink of his eye. Nothing could be better.

Think not? knowingly asked Mr. Stipple: and so he took the drawing home, worked hard at it for five days, and after due diligence in fining and polishing, brings me back the tame, gentlemanlike, and fashionable mis-resemblance which we all barely recognize as our bluff Bob, subdued into a dancing-master!

Again, and mingling gravity with our gaieties. Don't commentators always omit to tell us the reason why "the Lord was angry with Balaam because he went, albeit he had been told to go?" It is understandable on the same principle as this, that after a wise father has interdicted some wrong request of a son obstinately bent thereon, if that son asks again, he will say, "Do it, and take the consequences." Ask once, and take your answer: ask twice, and you get the contrary, with its punishment. One good answer should suffice. To human feelings what can be more worrying than iteration? All our nature uprises in shouts of, "Spoke, spoke!" indignant at fretful repetitions.

Further, one of the wisest of ancients gave it as his tit-bit of experience, that life should be conducted on this identical principle of *Ne quid nimis*. Overdoing it is to vault into the saddle so violently as to fall over on the off-side. Overdoing it is to demonstrate practically that too much of anything is good for nothing; the old proverbial evil of *excess*, capable of infinite and most wearisome illustration,—tectotalism, asceticism, libertinism, and all other isms moral, physical, and metaphysical; but just now brought most simply home to my mind by that clumsy apprentice and his over-vehement hammer.

THE GRUMBLING GIMLET.

I had hardly left that apprentice before a fable-seed dropped among my thoughts, as I jogged homeward; and it came like a flying parachute of dandelion out of the same young carpenter's basket, lying there by the palings in a corner.

To this effect. A gimlet grew exceedingly discontented with its vocation; it envied all the other tools, thinking scorn of its own mean duty of perpetual boring and picking holes everywhere. The saw and the axe had grand work to do; the plane got praise always; so did the chisel for its carving; and the happy hammer was always ringing merrily upon the clenching nail. But for *it*, a wretched, poking, paltry gimlet, its work was hidden away, and the little use it seemed to be of, was all soon put to the credit of that stout interloper the nail.

However, a little unseen fairy, hovering about the grease-pot, kindly took occasion to comfort poor gimlet, as thus:—

"Is there one tool in the whole kit of them that our master, Mr. Teak, makes more use of than of you? And which of them can he forego less easily? (for, of course, your brother the bradall is with you in this plaint.) Though every tool has its special excellence, still many of those you envy might be superseded by neighbours. The axe will hew down an oak pretty nearly as well as the saw will cut it; the adze will smooth away roughnesses at least half as neatly as the plane; the knife (if our worshipful guild of carpenters did not unreasonably repudiate such an instrument) could carve a cornice better than the chisel: but nothing would compensate for your absence—no, not even your cousin the augur; for neither nail nor screw will hold after him. Be content; nay, more, be happy. Though your work seems mean and secret, though there is nothing of outward show, nothing of open praise, still, O gimlet, you are the most useful, and therefore I need scarcely add, not the least honourable of the workman's tools. It is to your good offices that he chiefly looks for coherence without splitting; and to your quiet influences, the neatness, the solidity, the comfort of his structure may greatly be ascribed."

And are there not many pining gimlets in society, ambitious of the honour given to the greater-seeming tools of our Architect, but unconscious that in His hands they are quite as useful? The loving little child, the gentle woman, the patience of many a moral martyr, the diligence of many a duteous drudge, though their works may be unseen and their virtues operate in obscurity, yet are these main helpers to the very joints and bands of our body corporate, the quiet home-influences whereby the great edifice society is so nicely wainscotted and floored without split-boards.

NATURE THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

M. Huc tells us that the Lama physician, if he happens to have no medicine with him, is by no means disconcerted. He writes the names of the remedies upon little scraps of paper, moistens the paper with his own saliva, and rolls it up into pills, which the patient tosses down with perfect confidence. To swallow the name of a remedy, or to take the remedy itself, is, say the Tartars, the same thing. Who shall laugh at these simple Tartars, now that Sir John Forbes, after fifty years of professional experience, leaves, as a legacy to his successors, the emphatic avowal that nature is, after all, the real physician—since, however human ingenuity may devise means of alleviation and acceleration, it is Nature and not Art which cures all curable diseases? It is a great subject which Sir John Forbes has taken as his theme; and if we cannot recognise any profound philosophical conception in his treatment of it, we think all will recognise the directness of his speech, and the general good sense of his advice.

As a scientific protest against drugs and in favour of nature, we fancy most physicians will assent to the truth which this work* proclaims, although they will remark that it is a truth seldom overlooked by them. Who doubts that, in general, when any disease is cured, it is cured by the operation of those organic processes which hourly preserve the integrity of the organism, and that, in fact, it is Nature which cures the patient? If disease be a disturbance of the functions, it is evident that the restoration of those functions to their healthy activity must be the work of nature. A congested liver can only be cured by the activity of the liver itself—a disorganized tissue can only be got rid of by the fresh organization of tissue; and as this fresh organization is the result of the processes of nutrition incessantly going on, nature must be the physician. No one doubts this. But the question for medical art is to determine how, and how far, nature can be directed into this curative process. Sir John Forbes says—and brings evidence to support what he says—that nature, left to herself, will cure all curable diseases. He is far from implying that the art of medicine is without its use and importance, espe-

* *On Nature and Art in the Cure of Disease.* By Sir John Forbes, M.D. London: Churchill.

cially in preventing disease; but he wishes attention to be more sedulously fixed upon the degree to which nature can be left entirely to herself, in order that we may know how, and to what extent, art may with advantage interfere. There are many cases in which nature, left to herself, will infallibly kill her patient—say, for instance, in a case of poisoning—whereas the application of a stomach pump or a chemical reagent arrests the evil at once. Again, although nature will cure catarrh or fever, it is certain that art will prevent the slight catarrh from becoming important, and will lessen the fever.

While, therefore, it is eminently desirable that we should all understand the power which nature undoubtedly possesses of curing all curable diseases, it is not of less importance that we should understand wherein consists the beneficial influence of art. Sir John Forbes says that "even in the instances of the most fatal acute diseases, as in Asiatic cholera, plague, and yellow fever, we find a considerable proportion of the sick recover under every variety of treatment, and alike under nominal as real treatment. The half, the third, or fourth part of those attacked by such diseases, who recover, are generally speaking restored by the power of nature alone." This is quite true—it is the "powers of nature" which in all cases, except those of poisoning, effect the cure; but the urgent question is, can these "powers of nature" operate with sufficient freedom? To explain our meaning, we will take the instance of cholera. M. Brown-Seguard, the French physiologist, has proved that in all cases of poisoning the ultimate cause of death is the extreme lowering of temperature in the organism. Two dogs, of equal size and age, were poisoned with equal doses of arsenic. The one was left to the ordinary temperature of the atmosphere, and died—the other was kept at a high temperature and recovered. The meaning of this is, that the lowering of temperature consequent on the poisoning prevented the "powers of nature" from operating in a curative direction; whereas, when the temperature was not sensibly lowered, the "powers of nature" were not thwarted. This is the secret of the necessity, in cases of cholera, for keeping the patient warm—kept warm, he will most probably recover. This points to the principle of that beneficial interference which medicine, when based on real science, is called upon to exert.

Sir John Forbes invites his brethren to collect and classify the evidence which shows how nature cures disease, and he calls upon the public to dismiss the many prejudices which hamper the physician. Vividly does he indicate this evil in the following enumeration of current delusions:—

"1. Ignorance of the natural course and progress of diseases which are essentially slow and not to be altered by any artificial means, often leads the friends of the patient to be urgent with the medical attendant to employ more powerful measures, or at least to change the means used, to give more frequent or more powerful doses, &c., &c.

"2. Ignorance of the power of nature to cure diseases, and an undue estimate of the power of medicines to do so, sometimes almost compel practitioners to prescribe remedies when they are either useless or injurious.

"3. The same ignorance not seldom occasions dissatisfaction with, and loss of confidence in, those practitioners who, from conscientious motives, and on the justest grounds of Art, refrain from having recourse to measures of undue activity, or from prescribing medicines unnecessarily; and leads to the countenance and employment of men who have obtained the reputation of greater activity and boldness, through their very ignorance of the true character and requirements of their art.

"4. It is the same state of mind that leads the public generally to give ear to the most ridiculous promises of charlatans; also to run after the professors and practisers of doctrines utterly absurd and useless, as in the instance of Homœopathy and Mesmerism, or dangerous, except in the proper cases, as in the instance of Hydropathy.

"5. Finally, it is the same ignorance of Nature and her proceedings that often forces medical men to multiply their visits and their prescriptions, to an extent not simply unnecessary, but really injurious to the patient, as could be easily shown."

The sick man is impatient to be well. Ignorant of nature's slow processes, he distrusts the treatment which is in accordance with those processes, and the "heroic arms of physic" are welcomed by his impatience because they are so energetic. "The strongest and most effective powers of art," says Sir John, "are usually employed for the very purpose of setting aside or counteracting, or modifying in some way or other, the powers of nature. Generally speaking, we may even say that all the heroic arms of physic are invoked purposely to disturb, and obstruct, and overwhelm the normal order of the natural processes." He very properly calls attention to the fact that disease is no new thing superadded to the body, and constituting a special entity, but is a mere group or collection of modifications of structures already existing, and of actions always going on in a living system. Neither is it a distinct *imperium in imperio*, independent of, and acting at defiance, the general laws of the organism. The tissue which is to-day disturbed as to its structure, yesterday acquired that structure according to certain processes which, had there been no disturbance, would have *replaced* it to-morrow by a structure precisely analogous, but which, owing to the disturbance, will not replace it to-morrow in precisely the same form, although, in the course of a few days, we shall find that to have taken place. If you have a self-supplying furnace, although the layer of coal now burning may be defective in some respects, yet, when it is finally consumed, the layer which replaces it will burn brightly enough. All you have to do, therefore, is to see that the action of the furnace is unimpeded, and that no more bad coal is introduced. In general the "heroic arms of physic" attempt to cure disease by remedies which disturb the action of the organism.

Although Sir John Forbes addresses both his younger professional brethren and the public in this interesting volume, we believe it is the public which most specially stands in need of his advice. Only very ignorant physicians will learn much from it; but the public will learn a great deal, and that of a practical kind. They will learn some general notions of what diseases are—of their causes, their progress, and their natural terminations. They will learn what is the evidence in favour of the curability of disease by nature, and what is the province of medical art. The language of the work is popular, and the purpose practical; and, as the contribution of a veteran, it deserves the respect which it will doubtless secure.

THE NATIVE TROOPS OF INDIA.

We trust that in the intelligence now received from India we may have heard the last of the groundless discontent which appears to have prevailed in one or two of the Bengal Regiments, and to have shown itself in a Battalion of the Madras Army. The first symptoms of disaffection were exhibited at Barrackpore, in the immediate neighbourhood of Calcutta, where the Sepoys objected to the impurity, according to their notions, of the substances used in the manufacture of the new rifle cartridge. The ferment thus excited was allayed by the indulgent consideration of the authorities; but, notwithstanding these concessions to their comrades, some of the troops in the cantonments of Berhampore, or Moorshedabad, were only brought to reason by a display of superior force. Of the regiment thus offending an example is to be promptly made, and our accounts represent it as ordered from Berhampore to Barrackpore for the purpose of being disbanded. This is not the only instance during the last few years of such a proceeding. Not long ago the same measure was resorted to in the case of the 66th Regiment, which was broken up for its misconduct, and embodied anew from volunteers of the Ghoorka tribes. The infliction of this penalty may exercise, we hope, a salutary influence in Bengal, and, as we learn from Madras that one of its European regiments has been made disposable for service in Persia, it may be inferred that the disturbance in that Presidency did not assume any formidable aspect.

We have never been of the opinion that these occurrences furnished any material grounds for alarm; but, with an empire constituted like our own in the East, it naturally becomes an object of the deepest interest to ascertain on what feelings of delusion or discontent such manifestations as these are based. After attentively investigating the various reports and communications which have reached us, we are disposed to conclude that the agitation itself is nothing more than a fortuitous access of the religious disquietude to which the Hindoo population is periodically liable, but that the disorder has perhaps been aggravated by certain effects of our military system, as at present prevailing in the East. Of political disaffection, in the proper acceptation of the term, we cannot discover a trace. That the dethroned King of Oude should have been the object of suspicion in current rumours was only natural, but it is allowed on all hands that neither he, nor, in all human probability, any other prince or potentate, has had any share whatever in the creation or encouragement of the discontents referred to.

It is one of the most remarkable features of the Hindoo character that this singular people feels no impatience under political subjection, nor evinces any desire for political independence. To find Hindostan under the rule of Hindoos we should have to ascend to a period beyond the range of credible history. The Mahomedan population of our Eastern Empire, though far less numerous, entertains very different impressions, and the uneasiness of its ambition is usually discernible whenever, as in our Cabul expeditions, the power of the British Government has been brought into collision with the arms of true believers. But, though the Hindoo looks with apathy or unconcern at the dominion under which he lives, he betrays extreme jealousy of religious proselytism, and exhibits this feeling in symptoms which the very circumstances of his political position have, perhaps, tended to create.

We do not often read in the accounts of Hindoo life of any of that personal enmity towards the teachers of an opposite creed which commonly attends a rivalry of religions. The natives do not seem to resent or apprehend the results of individual conversion, nor to object, as far as we understand, to the probable influences of general education. Their alarms appear to have reference to the Government alone—to its views, its decisions, and its designs. They seem almost to act as if they held their faith upon sufferance, and as if they thought that the Power whose behests in all other matters they would obey without murmuring could in the strength and plenitude of its authority deprive them, by some proceeding or other, of their caste and their religion. Under ordinary circumstances these apprehensions lie dormant and produce little or no effect, but at intervals they burst forth in paroxysms of terror, and then the smallest incident is magnified into a warrant for alarm and violence. The new head-dress at Vellore 50 years since, and the new cartridge at Berhampore the other day, were alike regarded as instruments for the destruction of Brahminism by some mysterious process, and, as mischief makes mischief, the discontent of one corps becomes the ailment of disaffection in another. We do not believe the recent disturbances to have been based on any feeling more solid than this impulsive and unreasoning terror; and it is extremely curious to observe that when other circumstances have not been conducive to the development of this epidemic alarm, changes of a far more notable character have been introduced without any disturbance whatever. The Enfield rifle cartridge set the Hindoo mind in a ferment, but Suttees and compulsory widowhood have been abolished and village schools and railways instituted without any such consequences as even the boldest felt half-disposed to predict.

Although, however, we consider the recent panic to have been almost as unavoidable as an eruption of cholera, we think the present administration of our Indian Army might very probably have been instrumental in giving the disturbance the proportions it displayed. The truth is that the Armies of India are not supplied with a sufficient strength of officers to furnish, as they now do, servants both for the military and civil departments of the State. Under a Government like that of India it is highly natural that men inured to military discipline and possessed of military skill should be selected to fill what in any other country would be regarded as purely civil appointments, nor do we doubt that this system is the best that could be adopted for the administration of affairs. But unfortunately an officer, however able, cannot follow two professions at once, and when he is despatched upon Staff or political employ his regiment suffers, though the State may gain. The irregular corps, too, which have now been enrolled in considerable numbers, draw upon the same source for the officers who are to command them. Every new battalion of Sikhs, Bheels, or Beloochees makes its demand upon the regiments of the regular army for its commandant, its lieutenant, and its adjutant, and, when to these draughts are added the abstractions due to furloughs and invaliding, the result assumes a character almost incredible. At the date of our last despatches there were two native regiments in the Bombay Presidency which, out of a complement of 23 European officers each, had but six between them actually present with the corps.

That the control which might be otherwise exercised over the prejudices as well as the discipline of the native troops must be seriously diminished by such a system as this we need hardly remark, and it is not impossible that other events may have operated in the same direction, and impaired in some degree the influence which European officers formerly possessed. It is said in India that the very improvement of European society, by rendering the European less of an Asiatic, has tended to weaken the sympathies established, in times past between officers and men. To this argument, however, we do not attach much weight, and for the obvious reason, that these outbreaks among the natives were in those days more frequent and far more serious than they now are under the conditions presumed to be more favourable to their occurrence. India was certainly not Europeanized in 1806, and yet the affair at Vellore was a good deal worse than that at Berhampore. It is probable that these gusts of passion may sweep at intervals over the Hindoo mind for a long time to come, but it is clearly incumbent upon us to omit no efforts in providing the best securities for tranquillity and control. In the numerous and unsympathizing populations now under our command we possess excellent means for establishing a balance of force; but to render these resources efficient for the protection of our Indian Empire we must always require a full proportion of those European energies by which that magnificent dominion was acquired.—*Times.*

THE ENGLISH TURF AND AMERICAN HORSES.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON."

Sir: My prediction concerning the *furors* of excitement Mr. Ten Broeck's horses would create in the United States is fully realised. The editors of the sporting papers, in New York, publish weekly bulletins of all they can collect respecting the stables. Writers are at daggers drawn, on the point as to which gives a "true and correct" account; a paper war is raging hot and furious; and Palmer, Mr. Ten Broeck's trainer, writes a most angry letter to the Editor of *The Spirit of the Times*, a sporting paper in New York, and I fully expect to hear of more blood being drawn by revolvers and lead, than the rowels and cold steel.

An extract from Palmer's letter written from Newmarket, February 18th, 1857, and published in a New York paper, may not be unacceptable to those of your readers who do not see American papers. Palmer writes:

"You must have been exceedingly anxious, and hard run for something to say touching the American stable in England, when you published in your paper, of January 10th, such a lot of trash from two stable boys. In your windy and lengthy paragraph upon the subject of the disasters which had befallen the horses, you seem quite as willing as the boys to give the trainer the full credit of it; and are pleased to say that their misfortunes are attributed to the fact of the horses being put in train too early after their long sea voyage. * * * If you have thought to injure me as a trainer, you have acted an unworthy part; and I would advise you for the future to speak upon better authority, &c. Lecomte had a suspicious ankle when I took charge of the stable, which is no worse now; but being a heavy horse, the chances are against his standing. Prior was also 'complaining' in one foot with thrush, but he has long since recovered. Prioress, occasionally, on a frosty morning, has a stringhalt, and will raise her foot high enough to step over a *yellow dog*; but this will not, I hope, prevent her being able to win in England," &c., &c.

Thus, you will see that what we cold-blooded mortals look upon as a matter of pleasure and sport, our American cousins treat as though it were a case of "*national honour?*" But the object of my writing to you now is to notice a letter by the Editor of *Porter's Spirit of the Times*, New York, and which I read in last week's *Bell*, in which Mr. Porter makes remarks on our English jockeys, such as should not go unanswered. I hope, therefore, you will, although I may take up some space in your valuable paper, permit me to make a few extracts from Mr. Porter's letter. Mr. Porter, after stating that Mr. Ten Broeck's horses are well and in training, says:—"Hence, in spite of all industriously circulated rumours to the contrary, our champion is prepared to do battle in honour of the American Turf, with an equine trio which will be sufficient to discourse most excellent music. Our readers will be all impatience to see for which events that are open to him Mr. Ten Broeck will nominate his American celebrities. It will be hardly worth while to expose his hand for any of the sweepstakes or spring handicaps at Newmarket; hence we presume Ascot, with its magnificent Cup prize, will be his first aim. The Cup itself is a mere bagatelle, of 2,500 dollars value, though as a work of art, and a trophy of American superiority, it would be almost invaluable on this side of the water! Next comes the Goodwood Cup, with its pains and penalties, and allowances, which are decidedly in favour of foreign bred horses. We are almost disposed to consider this a certainty if Mr. T. Broeck's horses are what they were. We cannot well see how, with such a team, notorious for all the requisite qualities of speed and endurance, trained after our fashion of forcing the peace from end to end, he can fail to accomplish the victory with one of the trio, unless his jockeys be seduced into the custom of making a waiting race. But we trust Mr. T. Broeck will set his face against such a method *in toto*. Let him give explicit orders 'to go in and win,' and we imagine he will show the English turfites something they have been unaccustomed to in horse flesh!"

"Go in and win; make the running from end to end." These are orders I imagine which are most easily given, but particularly difficult to comply with; and Mr. Ten Broeck may well say, "Save me from my friends," when he reads such advice. Mr. Porter shows his ignorance of racing in England, by his letter. Why, there is hardly a race run that some deluded unfortunate does not give the orders to "make the pace from end to end," and would willingly add "go in and win," but that he has just sense enough to know his horse has but little chance of so doing. Mr. Porter continues, "This is no child's play—the sporting honour of our country is concerned, and should not be sacrificed by a trick, or a racing juggle, in which English jockeys are *au fait*. Hence we would impress upon Mr. T. Broeck the necessity of running the race after the American fashion. Let him do this, and he must succeed; indeed, let him neglect this warning, and the probability of failure (which would cover us with mortification) looms in the distance; because in the *finesse* and trickery of racing the English are accomplished adepts!!! If beaten fairly we should of course acknowledge defeat with a good grace, but we decidedly object to be beaten by trickery. In a fair run race we have no fear." Now, making all due allowance for a man who is ignorant on the subject on which he is writing, and in his excited state fancies he has discovered some mare's nest, or conspiracy to bark the aspiring blood of the American turf—these uncalled-for observations on the "trickery," "juggling," and "unfairness" in the riding of English jockeys are a little too strong for one of Mr. Porter's calibre. When noblemen and gentlemen of the English turf trust their horses to the guidance of English jocks—horses which carry with them sums that would make an American (if he counted it in dollars) a millionaire; when noblemen and gentlemen from France and all parts of the Continent are not only willing, but anxious, to trust the honour and fortune of their horses to English jockeys, one would suppose Mr. Porter might rest in mind if Mr. T. Broeck should "put up" an Englishman to steer his "American celebrities!" Again may Mr. Ten Broeck say, "Save me from my friends."

Little need our jockeys heed the slur which Mr. Porter has endeavoured to cast on their honesty and "fairness" of riding; but I would advise any English jockey to be careful, after reading Mr. Porter's letter, how he laid himself open to such accusations as, should he ride and lose a race on one of the "celebrities," will, according to the editor of *The Spirit of the Times*, New York Paper, be laid to his charge. * * * * * But let Mr. Porter set his mind at rest; there is no "gunpowder plot" to blow up the "honour" of the American sportsmen. Mr. Ten Broeck well knows he is welcome to England by open hands and honest hearts, by men who are above such little "juggling," "trickery," and "unfairness" as is spoken of by Mr. Porter. Mr. Ten Broeck will run his horses, and will be allowed all the advantages we grant to foreign horses; and if he wins, he will be honestly congratulated. We shall not put his winning down to "trickery" or "juggling," neither shall we consider the *honour* of our horses lost; we shall rather feel proud in being able to furnish stallions and mares to our American cousins, which are able to produce such "celebrities."—I am, Sir, A FRIEND TO ENGLISH JOCKEYS, AND ONE WHO LOVES THE ENGLISH HORSE.

We omit some unseemly joking, which were better out of the way. *Porter's Spirit of the Times*, in a lengthened reply, denies that it charged the English jocks with dishonesty, and there so far as squibbing is concerned the matter may rest. *Porter's Spirit* has however some remarks on the racing system in the two countries, to which we may perhaps return.

A GREAT DAY FOR MANCHESTER.

The Art-Treasures Exhibition was formally opened by Prince Albert, on Tuesday, the 5th inst. We cite a few extracts describing the event.

GENERAL COMMENTS.

Yesterday was for the great emporium of the cotton manufacture a day of novel and intense excitement. For the moment, perhaps, the keen relish of the holiday threw comparatively into the shade the Art Treasures the exhibition of which it inaugurated. The occasion was one of those in which the whole immense multitude play, at the same time, the parts of spectacle and spectators. The actors in the busy scene were, possibly, more engrossed with themselves than with the creations of genius they ostensibly crowded to gaze upon. For this they may well be pardoned. The liberality with which the owners of the masterpieces collected at Manchester have contributed to the enjoyment of the public—the munificence with which the manufacturers of Manchester have prepared a temporary home for them—the skilful combination and active energy with which the glorious show has been got up—the knowledge that Royalty looked on with admiring and sympathising eyes—everything was calculated to generate in the Manchester mind emotions of proud self-consciousness.—*Daily News, May 6.*

Manchester was yesterday the scene of an event almost unique in the history of art in England, or perhaps, in the world. An Exhibition of Art Treasures, never before equalled for extent and importance, was opened with an *éclat* to which nothing but the presence of the Sovereign herself could have added. The Consort of Her Majesty presided over the ceremony, which was witnessed by a large and distinguished assembly, comprising several Cabinet Ministers, the representatives of various foreign countries, many of our native nobility and gentry, the corporate authority of some of our principal cities, and thousands of the inhabitants of the important and populous district of which Manchester is the centre. The weather was most propitious, and the arrangements both within and without the Exhibition were faultless. It was a day, in short, of marked success, and one of which the city of Manchester may be proud.—*Times' Report.*

PRINCE ALBERT AT CHEADLE.

The Royal train, which left London at 6 20, arrived at the Cheadle station at 25 minutes past 11 o'clock, and Prince Albert descended amid the enthusiastic cheering of the assembled multitude. His Royal Highness was immediately conducted by Mr. Watts, the Mayor of Manchester, to the carriage in waiting for him. His Staff consisted of Viscount Torrington, the Marquis of Abercorn, Gen. the Hon. C. Grey, Col. Ponsonby, and Col. Seymour. The carriages were at once formed in procession, and started off a rapid pace. A number of vehicles followed to the Mayor's residence, a little beyond Cheadle, where Prince Albert was to remain about an hour for rest and refreshment.—Abney-hall, the residence of Mr. Watts, is a large and handsome mansion of red brick, with stone facings, in the early Tudor style of architecture. It is situated on the left or southern bank of the Mersey, about six miles from Manchester, and stands on a slight eminence, overlooking a richly wooded country.

THE PRINCE'S PROGRESS THROUGH MANCHESTER.

The cheering, the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, the banners and other decorations, the crowds on roofs and balconies, and immense wooden platforms erected on patches of ground otherwise unoccupied, formed an offering of hearty welcome such as has seldom been surpassed. All the avenues leading to the Exhibition building were closely blocked; various open spaces in the neighbourhood were completely covered with masses of human beings, and the enthusiastic cheering of the populace when Prince Albert at length arrived at the Palace certified the public approbation of the important duty which had brought him to Manchester.

HIS RECEPTION AT THE BUILDING.

The arrival of the Prince at the Exhibition was announced to those within by the firing of a salute. His Royal Highness was received at the principal entrance by Lord Overstone, President of the General Council, by the chairman and members of the Executive Committee, and by Mr. Deane, the General Commissioner. The Duke of Newcastle, the Duke of Argyll, Earl Granville, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Stanley, of Alderley, Sir Benjamin Hall, the Hon. Mr. Cowper, and Mr. Massey, most of whom wore the Windsor uniform, here joined the *suite* of the Prince, who was conducted in the first instance, amid great cheering, to the state reception-room. * * * * * * * *

Among the occupants of the green benches behind the dais were many members of both Houses of Parliament. Lord Broughton, Lord Wrottesley, the Marquis of Clanricarde and Earl Powis were also present. The Marquis of Stafford, the Earl of Burlington, Lord Elcho, Mr. Mangles, Mr. Grogan, Mr. Hankey, Mr. Kershaw, Mr. Hindley, and Mr. Beresford Hope represented the House of Commons. The American, Belgian, and Haytian Ministers were the only members of the *corps diplomatique* present. The Lord Mayors of London and Dublin, the former accompanied by Aldermen Copeland, Solomons, and Cubitt, and by Sheriffs Mechi and Keats, were there in their robes of office. The Corporation of Manchester took a prominent part in the proceedings of the day. The Mayor of Salford, wearing a plain but exceedingly massive gold chain round his neck, was a spectator of the ceremony. So also was the Lord Provost of Edinburgh. The corporate authorities in their crimson robes, and attended by their servants in gorgeous liveries, formed, indeed, not the least brilliant part of the spectacle. The Palace was crowed in every nook, and it may well be supposed that the scene was most animated and magnificent. Many of the gentlemen were in uniform or Court dress, while Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed with more taste and splendour than some of the ladies. Their dresses of the richest stuffs vied with the colours of the rainbow in variety and brilliancy, making the ornaments of the walls look mean and dull by comparison. The elegant proportions of the building itself, its chaste and beautiful decorations, the masterpieces of

art scattered in rich profusion on every hand, the presence of 10,000 persons gaily attired, and the display of silken banners and standards combined to form a picture such as has rarely been witnessed even in the metropolis.

WHAT HE SAW.

What a sight met the gaze of the prince as he walked slowly up the central hall! Not to speak of the living crowd by which he was so heartily welcomed, he was surrounded on every side by the portraits of all the most celebrated characters in British history. On the right the heavy-browed, swarthy portrait of Charles II.—in aspect the very reverse of a merry monarch—seemed as if about to step from its frame and join in the ceremonial. Around him were grouped the frail beauties of his Court, to whom Lely and De Grammont have given a questionable renown. There was the Duchess of Cleveland, the founder of Marlborough's fortunes. By her side was Madame "Carwell," as the Londoners of that day called the lovely niece of Mazarin, arrayed in a dress which even improved her beauty. Near her hung the portraits of Nell Gwynne and a host of other less famous or rather infamous enamorats, with Grammont himself, poor Catherine, and the execrable Countess of Shrewsbury. Glaring from the opposite walls—grim, stern, and dangerous looking men—were the leaders of the Commonwealth, scowling upon the seductive beauties of Whitehall. The procession passed the Museum of Art, with all its rare treasures of gold and silver work, antique carvings, gems, and porcelains.

Next in order came the Armoury-court, grim with the pondreous figures of men and heroes of all climes and ages. Some looked monstrously grotesque, others were bright, shining, and handsome as in the story-books; some were of very coarse manufacture—a mere panoply of common ironwork,—while the suits from Venice and Milan were exquisitely tempered, and inlaid with the finest arabesque designs in gold. On the right was the complete suit of armour for man and horse which was formerly worn at coronations by Dymoke, the hereditary champion. It is the finest suit of harness in the court. The Prince, too, must have been astonished at the extent and beauty of the collection of English sculpture which adorns the central hall. Here, on the one hand, is Marshall's "Ophelia," and, on the other, Spencer's "Highland Mary." Beyond is Bailey's "Eve at the Fountain," the most beautiful and widely-known of all his works. Gibson's "Hunter" faces it, and seems in the very act of slipping the leash that his hound may bound forward on the game, so full are both of energy and vigour. Next comes J. Westmacott's "Peri," a perfect embodiment of immortal grief. The "Greek Slave," that cold prodigy of Hiram Powers, which so narrowly escaped being the first work of the age, again greets the visitor. "Eve startled at the sight of Death," one of the most touching groups in the building, is on the right; and on the left is Westmacott's "Euphrosyne," so light and airy that it seems ready to soar aloft.

THE PAINTINGS AND THE FORMAL OPENING.

(We omit an account of the ceremonies observed, and of the Addresses presented.)

The procession thus formed moved from the transept to the right, and, amid the most enthusiastic cheers from all parts of the building, entered the gallery of ancient pictures at the west-end. Here the walls are hung with all that is quaint, ultra-Gothic, and pre-Raphaelite in painting. As the procession advanced it reached the departments devoted to the masterpieces of Italy, Spain, Germany, and Flanders, and beheld the best existing specimens of Raphael and Rubens, Vandyke and Velasquez, Titian and Teniers, and of every great painter that ever lived. It then crossed the main hall and entered the eastern door of the modern gallery. Here the paintings commence with the portraits of Gainsborough and Reynolds, and continuing with the masterpieces of Mulready, Unwins, Etty, Turner, Wilkie, and others, terminate with the choicest works of artists who fortunately are still spared to continue their labours.

Having proceeded through this gallery to its northern door adjoining the transept, the procession turned to the left, and his Royal Highness was again conducted to the dais. During the promenade the orchestra performed the march from *Athalie*, and a selection from the *Ode to St. Cecilia*, "As from the power of sacred lays," with beautiful effect, Madame Clara Novello singing the solo. The return of the procession was hailed with loud cheers, which were renewed and prolonged for several minutes, when his Royal Highness, standing in front of the Chair of State, formally declared the Exhibition open. The orchestra concluded the State ceremonial by performing the "Hallelujah Chorus." Prince Albert then proceeded to inspect in a more careful manner than before the several departments of the Exhibition, and when he left each gallery or court the barriers separating it from the central hall were removed and the public allowed to enter. His Royal Highness left the Palace before 5 o'clock, and at once drove to Abney-hall, where he was to pass the night.

Imperial Parliament.

THE ROYAL SPEECH.

House of Lords, Thursday, May 7.

The seventeenth Parliament of the United Kingdom (the fifth summoned during the present reign), and the second session of 1857, were to-day formally inaugurated by a Royal speech. The speech, as customary when the Sovereign is absent, was read by the Lord Chancellor, as follows:

My Lords and Gentlemen:

We are commanded to inform you that Her Majesty has availed herself of the earliest opportunity of having recourse to your advice after the dissolution of the last Parliament. Her Majesty hopes that there will be found sufficient time during the present session to enable you satisfactorily to deal with various important matters, some of which occupied the attention of Parliament in the beginning of this year.

We are commanded by Her Majesty to inform you that the aspect of affairs in Europe affords a well-grounded confidence in the continuance of peace. All the main stipulations of the Treaty of Paris have been carried into execution, and it is to be hoped that what remains to be done in regard to those matters will be speedily accomplished.—The negotiations upon the subject of the differences which have arisen between the King of Prussia and the Swiss Confederation with regard to the affairs of Neufchatel, are drawing to a close, and will, Her Majesty's trusts, be terminated by an arrangement satisfactory to all parties.—The negotiations in which Her Majesty has been engaged with the Government of Honduras, in regard to the affairs of Central America, have not yet been brought to a close.

Her Majesty commands us to express to you her regret that at the date of the latest advices from China the differences which have arisen between the High Commissioner at Canton and Her Majesty's civil and naval officers in China still remained unadjusted, but her Majesty has sent to China a Plenipotentiary fully instructed to deal with all matters of difference, and that Plenipotentiary will be supported by an adequate military and naval force in the event of such assistance becoming necessary.

We are commanded by Her Majesty to inform you that a Treaty of Peace between Her Majesty and the Shah of Persia was signed at Paris on the 4th of March, by Her Majesty's Ambassador at Paris, and the Ambassador of the Shah, and Her Majesty will give directions that this Treaty shall be laid before you as soon as the ratifications shall be exchanged.—We are commanded to inform you that Her Majesty, in conjunction with several other European Powers, has concluded a Treaty with the King of Denmark, for the redemption of the Sound Dues. This Treaty, together with a separate Convention between Her Majesty and the King of Denmark, completing the arrangement, will be laid before you, and Her Majesty will cause the measures necessary for fulfilling the arrangements thereby contracted to be submitted for your consideration.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

Her Majesty has directed the estimates for the present year to be laid before you, and they have been prepared with a careful attention, and with a due regard to the efficiency of the departments of the public service to which they severally relate.

My Lords and Gentlemen:

Her Majesty commands us to recommend to your earnest consideration the measures which will be proposed to you for the consolidation and improvement of the law.—Bills will also be submitted to you for improving the laws relative to the testamentary and matrimonial jurisdiction now exercised by the Courts, and also for checking fraudulent breaches of trust.—Her Majesty commands us to express to you her heartfelt gratification at witnessing the continued well-being and contentment of her people, and the progressive development of productive industry throughout her dominions. Her Majesty confidently commits to your wisdom and care the great interests of her Empire, and devoutly prays that the blessings of Almighty God may be vouchsafed to your deliberations, and may lead you to conclusions conducive to the objects of Her Majesty's constant solicitude, and to the happiness and welfare of her loyal and faithful people.

RACHEL; HER FEEBLE HEALTH AND ANIMATED MIND.—In his gossiping and pleasant *feuilleton* of Monday last, in the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, the Baron de Trobriand quotes several passages from a letter very recently received here from Mademoiselle Rachel. The letter is dated at Thebes on the Nile, the 10th of March last, and is so full of melancholy interest, that we venture to translate what is printed, at the risk of losing much of the writer's flavour.

"For more than eight months past they have been taking measure of the box which must receive me on my departure from this world, for I no longer keep my feet, but look forward to seeing myself laid down for ever in a horizontal attitude. I am not indeed quite dead yet, but I am scarcely better off. I no longer wish for anything, I no longer expect anything, I no longer love anything; and frankly, to live this passive life, worn out with a long, painful, and sorrowful disorder;—rather a hundred times would I be shut within four boards well-nailed down, and await their doing with me what is done with the embalmed mummies in this land of Egypt.

"I shall not, perhaps, die of consumption, but most assuredly I shall die of ennui in this implacable solitude which exists around me, and in which I vegetate between my Doctor and my servants.

"The sky is pure, the climate is soft, and the hospitable Nile bears the barque of the invalide as tenderly as a mother her new-born babe. But colossal figures sculptured in its mountains of granite; so many works the reminiscences of ancient Egypt, its ruins of marvellous temples, its and masterpieces dilapidated by the sap of ages, or shaken from their pedestals by earthquakes; all this spectacle has something of a crushing effect upon a feeble frame and a dejected spirit.

"Thus I have not been able to follow Champolion the Younger in his journey through Egypt. After having caused myself to be carried in a palanquin to the foot of the famous Pyramids—after having visited the Tombs of the Kings—after having seen, but not heard, the celebrated statue of Memnon, which the Emperor Adrian, more fortunate than I, had the chance to hear utter three sighs—after having, by a moonlight such as is not to be met elsewhere, contemplated silently and comprehendingly the ruins of Karnak—I have returned on board my boat, my mind cloyed and my pulse reaching 95. My curiosity, dating from this day, has settled itself down; and now I am living almost the life of a Turk, abject and good for nothing."

From this desponding tone the poor sufferer (says de Torbriand) then rallies a little, and even ventures to sketch out her future projects.

"....After having re-ascended the Nile as far as the First Cataract, and having spent six weeks on my return at Thebes, I purpose returning to Cairo to pass there the months of April and May. There I shall embark for Marseilles, which I shall reach early in June. I shall sojourn a while at Montpellier, a place renowned, as you know, for its climate and its medical faculty. I shall pass in Paris a portion of my sons' holidays, and wind up some business; and with the earliest touch of cold be off again to the South. Possibly, I shall come back to Egypt; possibly, I may go and pass a month or six weeks in New York, and the rest of the winter in Charleston, of which I have such pleasant recollections....who knows?"

Unfortunately (it is added) these plans abruptly terminate in a grievous interruption.

"....I take leave of you in all haste; I am seized with a cough that makes me burn and shiver...."

Shall we ever set eyes again upon this most fascinating woman?

SHIP CANAL ROUTE THROUGH THE ISTHMUS OF DARIEN.—Our Assistant-Surgeon Caldwell has just returned from an expedition he set out on nearly six weeks ago. He started with one man from the ship and guides obtained from Painogana, to attempt crossing the Isthmus at the route which Gisborne, (Civil Engineer, England,) said was practicable. He ascended the Rio Savanne to Principe, about thirty miles, and from thence started towards Caledonia Bay, crossing and recrossing the Savanne River some four times in as many hours. The country he represents as gradually ascending for the first ten miles, to, he would think, less than 200 feet in elevation, and then appeared gradually descending to the Atlantic—being a level country, covered with undergrowth, and little or no timber.

The day before arriving at the position from which he saw the Atlantic, his guide left him, refusing to go further. He went on without him to within about five miles of Caledonia Bay, and from a tree saw the Atlantic and gorge (quebrada) which Gisborne mentions on his being turned back by the "Mindingo Indians." Here, suffering greatly for water, there being none in the vicinity, their provisions being short, and their nearest supply twenty-four hours off, he reluctantly turned back. I consider, from conversations that I have had heretofore with Dr. Blake on Gisborne's route, previous to the ineffectual attempt that Mr. Strain made at exploration, that Dr. Caldwell had settled the matter; and now all that is required is a regularly organised party to run on the route, take observations, &c.; and the sooner the better, as the marks that Dr. Caldwell has left of his path are now fresh, and will possibly be obliterated by the Fall or perhaps the next Spring.—*Letter from an Officer of the U. S. frigate Independence, dated Panama, May 3.*

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—The 32nd Annual Exhibition of the National Academy, is now open daily, from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. at 663 Broadway, opposite Bond Street. The collection is formed exclusively of original Pictures and Sculptures by Living Artists, which have never before been exhibited in this City.—Admission, 25 cents. Season Tickets, 50 cents.
T. ADDISON RICHARDS, Corresponding Sec'y N. A.

GOUPIL & CO., have on exhibition a magnificent Painting by "F. WINTERHALTER," to which the Public is invited.
FINE ART GALLERY, 366 Broadway.

LARGE SALE OF FIRST CLASS PAINTINGS.—Henry H. Leeds & Co. will sell at Auction on Thursday, May 28th, at eleven o'clock, at their Gallery, No. 25 Nassau Street, a Superb Collection of Original Paintings, mostly by American and resident Artists. The Paintings, will be on view, with Catalogue, from Thursday, May 21st inst., until day of Sale.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.—Suitable Frames in great variety always ready for this beautiful print, at
J. E. PELL'S ART REPOSITORY AND LOOKING-GLASS WAREHOUSE,
64 AND 66 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO, CANADA.

J. GURNEY'S PHOTOGRAPHIC PALACE OF ART, 349 Broadway, contains the largest collection of Hallotypes, Photographs and Daguerreotypes to be seen in the world.—Open for the free inspection of the Public from 8 A.M. until 6 P.M.

AMUSEMENTS IN THE CITY

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE, 624 Broadway, near Houston Street. This new Theatre has been pronounced, by the unanimous voice of the public and the press, the most perfectly constructed establishment in the country. Its acoustic qualities perfect, and the line of sight preserved from every part of the house.
ADMISSION.—Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Balcony Seats, 75 cents; Orchestra Stalls, $1; Family Circle, 25 cents; Private Boxes, $5 and $6. Box Office open from 8 till 4 o'clock.

WALLACK'S ..... **Comedy.**

NIBLO'S GARDEN ..... **Italian Opera—The Ravels.**

BROUGHAM'S BOWERY THEATRE. ..... **Putnam.**

BROADWAY, ... **Comedy.**

GEORGE CHRISTY & WOOD'S MINSTRELS, No. 444 Broadway, above Grand Street. Tickets 25 cents.
HENRY WOOD, } Proprietors
GEO. CHRISTY, }

Died, on the 18th instant, at Rockingham, near Savannah, Geo., after a few days' illness, Clarence Waldburg Barclay, Esq., eldest surviving son of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Barclay.

THE ALBION.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1857.

Home Affairs; the Two Great Exhibitions.

The British budget of news to the 9th inst. calls for notice, were it only for its record of two ceremonies—the one political and the other social—which graced the week ending with that date. We mean the delivery of the Royal Speech to the new Parliament, and Prince Albert's formal opening of the Manchester display of Art-Treasures. Is it treason to say that the latter was by far the more interesting event of the two? It might be asked, what can be expected from the Legislative Session, beyond interminable orations and a show of keen party strife? It can scarcely be denied that national honour and local benefit must result from this sudden outburst of Art in the home of Industry.

Though rapidly recovered—thank Heaven!—from her late indisposition, sufficiently so to leave London for her marine villa in the Isle of Wight, her Majesty would not have been justified in undergoing the fatigue and excitement of addressing personally her assembled Lords and Commoners; and as the Queen's absence converts a fine ceremonial into a very tame one, the newspaper report of the Speech, as delivered by the Lord Chancellor, is all that need be adverted-to. Nor is there much in it. The matters of fact propounded were already known through other sources; and in certain legal reforms are comprised all the promises held out. It is to be hoped that the schemes embracing these will be better framed and better set forth, than were the measures to this end, that broke down ere Parliament was dissolved. On one point alone can curiosity be stimulated, and that one concerns the Dallas-Clarendon Treaty, which it will be observed is not mentioned specifically. Now it will be remembered that when the preceding session was opened on the 3d of February last, the Speech from the Throne made reference to negotiations with the United States *and* Honduras. Under the circumstances of the moment, her Majesty is made simply to announce the non-completion of those with the latter. We do not mean to attach any particular significance to the reserve exercised. Perhaps it was wise. There was no reason why the Queen should trumpet the difficulty between her own Cabinet and the Senate at Washington. Neither do we feel called upon to dilate again to-day upon this theme, seeing that nothing in print, either here or at home, induces us to change our impressions of the whole affair, as conveyed to our readers in the *Albion* of the 9th and 16th inst. Indeed, the receipt of direct intelligence from Honduras, to the effect that the Legislature of that Republic declines to ratify the Treaty made on its behalf, does but confirm our opinion that our Foreign Office has had a narrow escape from a very awkward dilemma, as heretofore explained.

The spectacle at Manchester, on the 5th inst., is a much more grateful topic. On that day the citizens of a place, said to be devoted exclusively to trade, threw open to the public gaze a collection of works of art which may well be called Treasures, a collection which as a whole has no parallel in the world. If its value were set down in money, six millions sterling would be no exaggerated estimate. In describing its intrinsic beauties able pens have been employed, as we shall from time to time let our readers perceive. For to-day, we desire rather to congratulate our countrymen on the broad fact that this grand store-house of beauty has been completed, and on the peculiar spirit which was manifested in originating and bringing it to perfection. Elsewhere, the proud day for Manchester is glanced at; nor would we here reiterate what is there said. But it may not be inopportune to give prominence to the feeling which pervades all classes, as manifested in this remarkable exhibition. The idea of it was suggested to some of the wealthy manufacturers of Manchester, as likely to prove attractive to the kingdom at large, to redound to the credit of the city, and to minister to an improving popular taste. With a liberality that cannot be too highly lauded, the "Manchester men" approved and acted. They raised or guaranteed among themselves the funds required for a building and contingencies—and no mean sum was it; it amounted to between three and four hundred thousand dollars. In the next place, and here was the doubtful point, these associated gentlemen had to gather their "treasures" from all quarters. They could neither buy them, or hire. They could only borrow! And did it not seem a somewhat preposterous request, that priceless works of art should be taken down from castles and palaces and princely mansions, to be exposed to rude treatment at the hands of a democratic mob?—for the myriads of our working men in Manchester and other seats of toil have been studiously portrayed, for years past, as an envious, scowling, mischievous, and malignant set of fellows, waiting only a chance to pull down Throne and Church and State. But the Sovereign and the noblemen and the gentlemen, of whom their choicest possessions were asked, knew the people of England better than they were known by demagogues and radicals of the press. Promptly did they comply with the request; and it is not a little remarkable, the ground of application being merely the ownership of certain coveted objects, that in only three instances did the Committee meet with a refusal. Well might Prince Albert say, in replying to one of the Addresses presented to him, that the scene before him "must strike the beholder with grateful admiration, not only of the wealth and spirit of enterprise of this country, but also of that generous feeling of mutual confidence and good-will between the different classes of society within it, of which it affords so gratifying a proof." We commend this view of the subject to foolish journalists who are always prating about the British people being ripe for republicanism; and also to the no less foolish politicians, who believe that the ears of a "Manchester man" can always be stuffed with cotton. There cannot be a greater mistake, as Messrs. Bright and Cobden, Lord Aberdeen, the late Emperor Nicholas, and not a few other deluded individuals, have been forced sooner or later to acknowledge.

If the result of the late Election is yet to be seen in a variety of ways, it has been visited upon individuals. We have already chronicled the enforced resignation of poor, methodical Frederick Peel, who never seemed to have a soul above precedents—a very fit man for a clerkship, but altogether useless as a ruler-in-training, for these our stirring times. We can scarcely believe the rumour that he is to be consoled with the appointment of a Privy Councillor! At any rate his successor as Under-Secretary at War has been selected, in the person of Sir John Ramsden, a Yorkshire Baronet of six-and-twenty, now M.P. for Hythe, and noted hitherto for his advocacy of the Vote by Ballot.—Probably, like Lord Panmure in the War Department, Mr. Labouchere, in the Colonial, will it be compelled to look for a new adjutant. Mr. Ball, late M.P. for Carlow County, is one of the ejected, and must be shelved for lack of a seat.—At last also, whether compulsory or otherwise we cannot say, comes the retirement of Sir Robert Peel from his place at the Admiralty Board, for which he has already shown too much of his incompetency. Perhaps, for he is a capricious individual, indignation at his brother's treatment may have prompted him to quit the government; perhaps a strong desire to have the Grand Duke Constantine as a guest. In England may have induced Lord Palmerston to give Sir Robert notice to quit—for it is known that the Grand Duke held to this point with proper pertinacity. This latter version of the affair is plausible, because we see that the illustrious Russian's visit to London is now announced. His Imperial Highness then cannot have taken in high dudgeon the total failure of the Loan for the railways of his country, in which we are glad to learn that the great firm of Baring Brothers & Co. have been thwarted.

We may bide awhile before determining to what extent Lord Palmerston can count on the implicit obedience of a majority in the House of Commons. It is clear though, in the midst of a good deal of outside clamour about further Parliamentary reform, that the Premier does not contemplate grappling with it during the present session. The Chancellor of the Exchequer had hinted as much at a public dinner—for that is the rendering of the cant phrase which dropped from him, about the government "eschewing organic changes;" but the Prime Minister has spoken more plainly. On the first business night of the session, he declared that the time was now too short for entering upon so extensive a measure with

any hope of a settlement, but that the government would give it serious consideration during the recess, and be prepared to propose its scheme when Parliament again assembles. Mr. Roebuck himself being content with this pledge, the *soi-disant* Reformers, including Lord John Russell, are probably headed off for the present.—There was no amendment offered in either House to the Addresses in answer to the Speech from the Throne; nor does the slight debating on it tempt extract or comment. The Peers who moved and seconded it were the Marquis of Townshend and the Earl of Portsmouth; the Commoners were Mr. Dodson and Mr. Buchanan. The former used strong language in one respect. He spoke of a "scheming and vicious power advancing to the North-East of China, in a manner calculated to excite alarm and apprehension." The "scheming and vicious" is a hit.

Mr. Spooner is to have his annual fling at the Maynooth Grant. The qualification for Jews sitting in the Lower House is to be again brought forward, probably as a government measure. Sir John Pakington has undertaken to take the Newfoundland Fishery question put on a definite footing. Mr. Labouchere has moved for a new Committee on the Hudson's Bay Territory. There will be business enough to keep Legislators at work, even if "sweeping changes" be postponed.

The Two Wars.

Telegraphic wires must have been sadly out of order throughout Central Europe, or dromedaries and Arab horses must have lost something of their speed, or the roads to Teheran must have been impassable, or Russian diplomacy must have been more than usually successful. On the 4th of March a Treaty of Peace was signed at Paris between the representatives of the Shah and her Majesty; yet at the close of that month, our enterprising countrymen were still in arms, extending their conquests at the head of the Persian Gulf; taking the city of Mohammerah; killing two hundred of the enemy with the loss of ten men only; capturing guns and military stores; and generally routing the Persian troops who ventured to oppose them. These progressive movements have their value in dispelling the notion that an overwhelming force was about to attack the invaders, and in teaching these arrogant Orientals and their supporters in the Northern back-ground that England is not to be trifled with. We trust to hear that the undeniable efforts of the Czar's emissaries to prevent the ratification of the Treaty have been frustrated, and that the Persian war is long ere this at an end.

The letters and papers received latterly from China do not add materially to our knowledge of the state of affairs around Canton, though they abound in petty details of attack and defence. It is proved in the case of the *Queen*, the last steamer seized by the marauding Chinese, who put to death the European passengers, that there was criminal negligence, in suffering her to go to sea with a gang of the piratical natives on board. But it is unfortunately true that the habits of life in the East induce foreign residents to despise precaution. Their consciousness of physical superiority, and the possession of arms, lull them too often into a dangerous sense of security. The awakening has too often been a terrible one; as it was in this case.

The story of a Russian frigate landing a squad of her marines at Hong Kong, to inflict punishment on some of the Chinese, who had insulted a boat's crew, we look upon as a regular St. Petersburg *canard*. It comes to us from that suspicious quarter, and is no doubt intended to aid in dispelling the idea that the Czar is assisting his Imperial brother. Far more worthy of notice, as possibly influencing future events, is the further proof now supplied that the authorities of Canton recognise no distinction between the British and the American flags. The authorities at Washington may as well make up their minds that before long they will be compelled to recognise the fact. The story is told in the *North China Mail* of the 15th of March, and is to the effect that a few days previously a piratical attempt had been made to seize the American schooner *Garland*. She had been lying off the Bogue Forts, and not far from H.B.M. frigate *Nankin*, when a Mandarin came on board and informed the Captain that no difference whatever was made between the vessels of the two nations. He had also some communication with the schooner's Chinese seamen. Subsequently, on his way to Hong Kong, the Captain was attacked by these vagabonds, but fortunately made a successful resistance. He then procured hands to work the *Garland* to Hong Kong, from her Britannic Majesty's ship before-named. When will the unbelievers here be convinced that the Chinese look upon all foreigners alike with an evil eye, and that British aid and sympathy are always at the service of Americans? When will they cease to be bamboozled by the small fry of diplomacy, who no sooner fancy themselves clothed with their nation's power, than they think they can turn the world upside down? Here's a gentleman appointed U. S. Consul to the Amoor River, who having been hospitably entertained by the Merchants of Kiatcha, the depot of the Russo-Chinese inland trade, is forthwith taken up by a city print as the coming man who is to change the course of commerce, and give a "key" to the new policy of a close offensive and defensive alliance between the American Secretary of State and the Czar's Minister at Washington. The propensity to view small men and small events through glasses, that magnify a thousand-fold, is one of the most amusing characteristics of certain newspaper offices!

Connected more or less directly with the strife in Southern China has been that fearful event in Borneo, to which we referred a fortnight ago. The full particulars, including a lengthened account from Rajah Brooke's own hand, have been received since last we wrote; and, as we anticipated, they fully vindicate the sanguinary course that he adopted. Nor is it only for the cause of right that we are rejoiced that this is so; the Rajah for years past has been one of our favorites, for we have thought we perceived in him a singular aptitude for combining the chivalry and romance of a past generation, with the less dazzling qualities that mark the honest utilitarian of our day. He has humanized, civilized, and brought into the great family of nations, a tribe of ignorant and apparently impracticable savages. He has toiled and undergone much obloquy on their behalf, with no eye to undue personal gains, and with an abnegation of self, unusual in men of such strength of will. Stimulated by emissaries from Canton, and seeking to conquer and enslave the people who look up to Sir James Brooke as their prince, the Chinese settlers rose upon him, and sought to massacre him and all European residents. But Fortune, or rather let us say Divine Providence, favoured him; he escaped, and returned to crush his enemies and save his people. We need not however pursue the theme. His manly and honourable story is widely known. It settles, we firmly believe, the contested point, whether he be or be not a hero in the true sense of the term. We only wish that one half the men who bear it were as justly entitled to it; and that her Majesty still had the benefit of Sir James's efficient services. He is not, as erroneously reported, Governor of Labuan.

There is some confusion in the accounts of the armament which France is to supply towards coercive measures against the Chinese. Every steamer's mail brings its statement, subsequently corrected or modified. We shall soon have it in authentic shape.—Baron Gros has been appointed by Louis Napoleon as the especial associate of Lord Elgin. He has, we presume, by this time started on his mission.

The Grand Duke Constantine in Paris.

Does it concern the choice few who are really the shapers of human destiny, or the more numerous class who are elevated above their fellows by the mere accident of birth and position, the world never wearies of anecdote or of gossip. Luminous essays and profound disquisitions are practically less attractive, than personalities that are marked down or manufactured. For this taste we need scarcely say that caterers are abundant. A prince or princess, a conqueror, a poet, a fillibuster, a great criminal, can scarcely walk the earth, without the attendance of reporters faithful and imaginative. Such have not been absent from the path of the Russian Lord High Admiral, who at the latest date was the cynosure of the wonder-loving Parisians; and some of our readers have without doubt traced him, through the correspondence of the London papers, from Toulon to the Capital. If we pass him briefly in review, it is not by way of ministering to the popular demand, but because in one respect at least his presence among the French has been curiously signalised.

Nor is this Grand Duke one of your ordinary royal or imperial travellers, swallowing the adulation offered him, smelling the bouquets, making apt speeches, and dispensing snuff-boxes set in brilliants. He may do all this; but he does more. He voyages and journeys as a student, note-book in hand, measuring here and estimating there. And what does he study? Is it the ever-perplexing problem of human welfare, so much of which is entrusted to the keeping of his nearest kin? If it were so, nothing could be more appropriate than words of congratulation and praise. But it is not so; the Grand Duke's primary object seems to be the acquisition of such knowledge as would befit an engineer, naval or military. His professional devotedness is conspicuous; it descends to *minutiæ*. This thirst for information, this zest for scrutiny, has of course its better side. It shows a Grand Duke rising superior to a Gold Stick in Waiting. But is it the spirit that one would care to see in an important prop of a political system? Is it promising for Russia, for Europe, for the world? Does it not tell of the stuff, out of which a new Nicholas might be wrought?

Let us however do the young man justice in one respect; he seems to be free from hypocrisy—the most common vice among princes. He speaks his mind frankly, as has been told of him by observers from our own country; and some smart sayings are now set down to his account, truly or falsely as it may be. The best of them is his exclamation on seeing the French gun-boats, and learning that they were destined to China: "What, you are going to take the chestnuts out of the fire there also?" The remark, if ever uttered, was certainly more prompt than polite. We disbelieve the story of the chivalrous young man toasting "the intrepid conquerors of Alma and Sebastopol," at a military banquet given by the Russian Ambassador in Paris—a story told in an English paper. A French published report of his Highness's words, professing to be *verbatim*, and not likely to omit it if spoken, contains no such expression, albeit the compliments are generous to excess.

But these things are comparative trifles. Far more interesting is it, as coming nearer home, to mark the reception given to the Grand Duke by the citizens of Paris, those citizens who have time after time set themselves above and beyond dynastic control. There are not wanting writers here who would have us believe that the French people are devoted to Imperialism *per se*, and that the cordial relations, apparently subsisting between the Czar and Louis Napoleon, are based on a thorough reciprocity of national sentiment. This is an error and no slight one, and may be corrected on the authority of French witnesses. The very moment of the Grand Duke's triumphal entry into Paris was chosen by *La Presse*, as the proper time for publishing a high eulogium upon the political privileges enjoyed in England. In language the most emphatic—and bold too, considering the rigours of censorship—it upholds its neighbour across the the Channel, as the asylum and abiding place of liberty. An article on the English alliance, shouted by the news-boys on the Boulevards, must have been a significant accompaniment to the cold and unsympathising respect with which the traveller was greeted—the salutations being intended to convey a recognition (well-deserved) of the indomitable valour of an enemy, not a compliment to the system which he represented. Nor was *La Presse* alone in its protest against misapprehension. The *Siècle* followed it up, by showing how absurd it was for another journal to compare the popular demonstration at this period, with that which marked the entry of Queen Victoria into Paris. In the one case, the people were paying homage to a Prince who had loyally contributed to the defence of his country. In the other, they were "celebrating the alliance of the two most liberal nations of the West." These settings-straight have a double meaning. They show that the French people are not disposed to hug the Bear in a friendly embrace; and they show also, we think, that the far-seeing occupant of the French throne does not desire to commit himself unredeemably to absolutism—out of his own dominions.

British North America.

The Canadian Grand Trunk Railway is master of the situation. The Legislators who regulate taxation, and the people who pay it, prostrate themselves before the car of Juggernaut. We have only to hope that they will be content with bowing down, and will not deem it requisite to carry their complaisance to the extent of being crushed beneath the wheels. The Bill—might it not be called the annual Bill—for the benefit of this ask-and-have Corporation finally passed the Legislative Assembly about ten days ago, and will probably not be heard of again until this time next year, when a little further accommodation may be required, entirely for the benefit of the Province! Well, we are thankful to believe that the back is suited to the burthen. Why should we outsiders make a fuss about it? There is always a sufficiency of grambling-ground.

The transportation of the detachment of the Canadian Rifles to the Red River Settlement has assumed a form that is unusual at least. That able and accomplished veteran, Sir G. Simpson, after tranquilly bearing an incalculable amount of hard hitting from the press on the Hudson Bay Company's affairs generally, has fired up at an assertion of the Toronto *Globe*, that the sea route for these troops is a "ridiculous plan." Being by chance at Toronto on the very day of its publication, the Governor forthwith addresses to the Lieutenant General Commanding, a criticism on the *Globe's* article, and a vindication of the intended course, and furthermore transmits a copy of this to Sir Edmund Head, who transmits it straight to Parliament. The *Globe* ought really to be proud of having created such a sensation. Only imagine Lord Panmure or Mr. Labouchere taking such a formal and official method of replying to a newspaper attack! However, Sir George declares that physical impediments, and mainly the difficulty of procuring canoes and voyageurs, have determined the Company's choice—the Company being entrusted with the duty, and bearing the expense of transportation. To this the *Globe* replies that such reasons are all moonshine, reiterating its belief that seclusion is the moving cause. It is a pretty quarrel enough; but the quick zeal of the Governor rather induces a suspicion that the *Globe* has a stronger case than he allows.—News also from the Red River Settlement is stirring. Captain Kennedy, of Arctic note, is on the spot, getting up an annexation movement, and working hard to bring about the abolition of the monopoly of which he was lately a prominent denouncer.

Delegates, men of weight and ability, are going from the contesting cities of the Province, to England, to plead each the cause of his own locality. Poor Queen, poor Colonial Minister! If the statistical files in the latter's office be kept in order, and he consult, as he may do, a few impartial and well-informed Colonists now in London, he would perhaps do well to make his selection off hand, before he is crushed beneath an avalanche of eloquent appeal. Do not let us be accused of speaking disrespectfully of those who have undertaken this duty. We only repeat our conviction that it never should have been forced upon them. The reference may however not be without its weight in reviving the subject of inter-Colonial Railways, in connection with inter-Colonial amalgamation, which we are glad to see again mooted in New Brunswick.

To-morrow, Sunday, Queen Victoria, will complete her thirty eighth year. The following day will be loyally marked as a public holiday; and in not a few places, we rejoice to observe, great preparations have been made for suitable festivities.

Two Pleasant International Episodes.

So many are the dreary and debasing events which a public journalist is bound to touch upon, that we hail with gratitude any occasion for shaking the gall out of the pen. Such is supplied by the little incident at New Orleans, the other day, in connection with Captain Dunlop of H. B. M. ship *Tartar*. We have already spoken of his conveying nearly two hundred broken-down fillibusters from Grey Town to the mouth of the Mississippi. Arrived there, a difficulty presented itself in conveying the poor fellows to the city. It was cut short by the prompt and liberal action of Captain Dunlop, who chartered a river-steamer for the purpose, guaranteeing the payment of $500 freight. The Boston Club of New Orleans, immediately on learning this fact, anticipated any civic action therein, and voted to assume the pecuniary obligation. The correspondence that took place has been in print, and is eminently creditable. In addition to this, a public dinner was tendered to the Captain and Officers of the *Tartar* by many of the most distinguished citizens of New Orleans, which their very brief stay compelled Captain Dunlop to decline. In his letter to this point occurs the following passage, which strikes us as eminently felicitous.

"I have only to add that in any assistance I may have been enabled to render to your countrymen, I was simply obeying the orders of my superior officer in command of the British squadron in Central America, and carrying out the wishes of the British government, but at the same time I must assure you that no more agreeable duty can be assigned me than that of relieving the sufferings of those under the pressure of misfortune, to whatever nation they may belong."

The other exception to the routine of follies and disasters, which seem to thicken upon us, is the presentation, through Mr. Dallas in London, of 21 medals and £270 sterling by the President of the United States to the brave Kentish boatmen, who in the month of January last rescued the crew of the American ship *Northern Belle* from impending death. The circumstances have been vividly portrayed in print. Mr. Dallas's letter to Lord Clarendon, forwarding this acceptable testimonial, is now before the public, and is a thousand times more moving and agreeable than whole volumes on Central America, or other disputed topics. We trust no one will forget to notice how bickerings and jealousies disappear, when the voice of humanity is uttered.

Pot and Kettle.

The conflict between the State and the Municipal authorities continues to occupy the public, to a degree that ought to be painful—painful we mean as respects the anarchy that may possibly ensue. As to the intrinsic merit of the dispute, the public treats that part of the story very apathetically; for to escape from the extortion and corruption of the one into the corruption and extortion of the other, is to tumble from the frying-pan into the fire. The points at issue, including the important ones of Police and Quarantine, are too complicated and too numerous for comment; but pressing as they are, the well-doing citizens take the matter very coolly, so far as remedies are concerned, leaving the press to fight their battles. Not even a warning from the District Attorney, that burglars are likely to avail themselves of the police entanglement, can arouse us from the pleasant business of making money, and the still pleasanter business of spending it.

Fillibusterism at a Low Ebb.

Who will advertise a reward for authentic intelligence from Rivas? Who is not impatient to learn whether General Walker be still President of Nicaragua, or whether he be *suspended*, as he deserves to be? The latter fate, we are not sorry to say, has probably overtaken another branch of the great fillibustering family. A General, or Colonel, or Mr. Crabbe—he is designated by all these titles—has been lately essaying to convert to his own uses the Mexican Province of Sonora, wherein Walker made his *début*. But the native forces did not relish his "military colonization," as he impudently termed it. They have captured Crabbe, and sixty of his Californian associates, and by last accounts were likely to prevent them by summary process from doing any further mischief on the spot, or inveigling any more deluded rowdies. How many a poor childless mother must wish that Walker had met an equal fate!

Music.

Signor Morelli's brief season at the Opera has resulted in a campaign—a campaign of the old interminable Providential War which, from the beginning of time, has been waged between the evil minded baritones and the heavenly tenors. Why a *baritone* should think of making himself a manager we cannot conceive. No man should trust himself in a position which may develope hereditary instincts inimical to his peace of mind and general benevolence. But Signor Morelli *would* be a manager—and we see what has come of it!

In the first place he has hopelessly annihilated one wretched tenor. The Signor Jacopi, or Herr Jacobs, as the case may be, fell at once into the trap set for him by the natural foe of his order. He came, and sang, and—was conquered! For the first time since the foundation of the Dutch Settlement on Manhattan Island, a New York audience—really, positively, and audibly *hissed*. They could not help themselves, plainly, for nothing is more obnoxious to a good-natured New York Parquette, than the necessity of manifesting displeasure. The New York Parquette always *encores*—to the very verge of ruin it will still *encore*—and direful must the necessity be which rouses the placid Gothamites into the frenzy of sibilation. Such a necessity was the unspeakable singing of Signor Jacopi, betrayed to his fate by the ruthless Signor Morelli.

Encouraged by the success of his first insidious attempt, Signor Morelli next fell upon a more illustrious victim. He tried to reduce Signor Brignoli to slavery. He bought that brilliant tenor with a price, and meant to bring him forward manacled with shouts of victory before the public. But Signor Brignoli showed fight gallantly, and rose as all Italy ought to rise upon the Austrian.

Signor Morelli was defeated. The baritonic wrath failed of its grim gratification. But if not satisfied, neither was it appeased. A third and most subtle expedient suggested itself to the implacable manager. He resolved to *explode* the tenors! He undertook to show that the tenor is a prejudice—a fabrication—a false show—that there need be no such thing as a tenor—need be—do we say? that there *is* no such thing as a tenor; that a tenor is a superfluity and a sham.

And how was he to achieve this notable project? He brings out a *female* tenor! He clothes the Signora Aldini with the sartorial attributes of a tenor—and appeals to the public to say whether the traditionary importance of the tenor is not forever at an end.

The idea is worthy of an Italian brain. A Sforza or a Borgia might be proud of it. Last night it was to be put in execution, and it may be that this very morning the tenor no longer exists!

A frightful thought, truly, for all amateurs, and particularly for all *amatrices* of the lyric Stage. Have we all then, O fair readers! have we all been listening to a lie and a delusion? Rubini, Mario, Mirate, Brignoli, all shadows and the shades of shadows—impostors, masks, names!

Indeed, last night was a critical conjuncture for the Stage.

What has the upshot been? We tremble with more than our wonted hebdomadal excitement in thinking upon it!

And seriously now.

Signor Morelli has not done either himself or his Company much credit by his proceedings of the past week. Heaven forbid that we should ever take part on one side or the other in these inter-operatic wars which make the secular feuds of Guelph and Ghibelline so trivial in the comparison! But we cannot pass over without rebuking it, the singular impropriety committed by Signor Morelli in engaging Signor Brignoli's services of Mr. Maretzek without consulting the tenor himself. Artists should at least treat each other with decorum, and respect their order if they wish the public to respect it. Signor Brignoli's behaviour in the case was perfectly becoming—and we sincerely trust that so disgraceful a squabble may never again engage the attention of the musical public in New York.

And a word too we must utter for "Signor Jacopi." Signor Morelli, we presume, understands the art of singing. He is probably capable of distinguishing between the shriek of a maniac and the carol of a nightingale—between the piteous howling of a boarding-school girl practising her scales, and the airy vocalization of a Lagrange. If this presumption of ours be well founded, Signor Morelli has no excuse for subjecting the public ear to the appeals of Signor Jacopi's untutored organ, nor for exposing Signor Jacopi himself to the mortification of a certain *fiasco*. 'Tis an experiment not to be repeated—and we are thus explicit on the subject because Signor Morelli is an artist whom we always like to praise, and from whom we had hoped better things. We have some compassion too for Madame de Wilhorst, involved in this absurd imbroglio. This little lady makes her adieux in the Figlia del Reggimento, a *rôle* admirably suited to her graceful talent, and symbolic of the affection with which she is already regarded by the public of her native city. Philadelphia will hear her next week—and then, "Bon Voyage!"

The American Harmonic Society whose merits also the city is not slow to acknowledge, have no cause to quarrel with the support afforded them at their last concert. Had the concert been more worthy of their efforts and the audience, we should have been pleased. But the truth is that Herr Loewe's cantata of the "Seven Sleepers" is more fitted to develope natural somnolence in seventy thousand *of* the living—than to glorify the miraculous slumbers of the mythical saints whom it was meant to celebrate. It was as well performed as if it had been a better piece, which makes our regret the keener. RAIMOND.

Drama.

Nothing is more common than to hear it said that the old school of English Tragedy is hopelessly defunct—finally and forever dead. I hardly know a single venerable lover of the Drama, who remembering the "great days of his amorous youth," does not shake his head sadly over the fallen fortunes of the stage which once was glorious with the genius of the Kembles and the Keans. And I hardly know a single young amateur who is not possessed with a secret belief that the magic of those departed days, were it revived in all its majesty, would scarcely charm the living age. There is a skeptical spirit abroad which questions the utility of all traditionary power. We do not believe that kings ever really ruled, or that there is in human nature any instinct, answering to the portentous appeal of royal authority. We doubt whether men were ever thrilled by the sonorous decasyllabics of the times of Pope. And we hesitate to believe that the recorded miracles of enthusiasm produced by the elders of the British Drama prove anything more than the ignorance and facility of our forefathers.

Or else we content ourselves with the easy assumption that every force has its day, as every dog has his—and that if there ever were any virtue in kings, any poetry in the heroic metre, or any magnetism in the British Tragedian, the season of all these things is passed away to recur not again forever.

For the Kings and the heroic metre, I do not propose to contend. When Carlyle's long-looked-for "King-man" shall appear, he will fight his own battles, I suppose, and make his own title clear—and if any poet shall feel the fine rage of his soul rushing irresistibly into lines of ten syllables each with a neat cesura, I presume the combined force of a thousand critics will be powerless to stop his passionate pen. But in respect to the Tragedians, I have to call to mind the somewhat parallel and illustrative history of the French stage. Corneille and Racine were in their dusty tombs; all manner of requiems had been sung over them by their fond and feeble friends, who were chiefly to be found among the more decrepid members of the Academy—all sorts of exultant war-dances had been danced in insulting triumph above their resting-places by their vigorous young enemies. Talma was becoming a tradition, LeKain had almost faded away into a myth, when the young Rachel came forward and evoked the buried magnates with a word.

For the last twenty years nobody has thought of doubting the vitality of the French Classic Tragedy! Why should not a similar phenomenon take place upon our own stage?

I confess that during Mr. Booth's engagement I have begun to think it far from improbable that our dry bones, too, may suddenly arise, and be clothed with flesh and walk.

Mr. Booth's finest qualities are the qualities of his talent to which he has as yet given the least careful development. He has obviously concerned himself heretofore mainly with the external requisites of his art. Conscious of a sincere and ardent zeal in the pursuit of his profession, and of a general receptivity of mind, in which the best things of the best dramatists instantly found a place, Mr. Booth, I judge, has bestowed more thought and more pains upon the training of his voice and his *eye*, of his gestures and his gait, than upon the intellectual culture of his mind. He has acquired a wonderful control over what may be called the mechanism of his person, and though his walk is sometimes a little awkward and constrained, there is a pervading naturalness and ease in his carriage and bearing, from which he is not likely to lapse into any tricks. If his career upon the stage has been as brief as it is reported to have been, he may be sure that the natural adaptability of his physique to the stage is such as to dispense with the necessity of any very elaborate further training in that direction. He is one of the born actors who only need to understand thoroughly what acting may be, to achieve the highest rank. I have come to this conviction rather slowly but very surely, and I do see no good reason why Mr. Booth should not eclipse any name which has adorned the English stage within the memory of living man. His acting at present scintillates with genius—not with *talent*, be it observed, but with the positive electrical light of genius which is as unmistakeable as the water of the diamond is.

What he has to do therefore, is to develope an equable splendour in his performance; and to do this, it seems to me, that he needs only a more careful and liberal intellectual training. He exhibits in his acting such a condition of mind as is shown in the first books of many young authors. He leaves it to his audience to put in their own lights and shadows, hinting rather than developing the gradations of the character he is trying to depict, and dwelling with the intensity of a young and sensitive appreciation upon those traits which most saliently mark its quality. This, it will be seen, is a very different thing from the mere vulgar "making of points." This latter habit, when formed in a young actor, is simply damning. No good is ever to be expected from such a beginning. But Mr. Booth is obviously quite incapable of such a foolish misconception of his art.

In the uneven and sparkling *rôle* of Petruchio, Mr. Booth is perfectly at home, and those who would judge accurately of his real merits, ought to see him all that part. It can hardly be called a finished piece of acting, for Mr. Booth's style never as yet suggests that epithet, but a more *inspired* piece of acting it has not often fallen to my lot to witness. The waywardness and fire of the character are not so much taken up by the actor as developed from within him, and he literally *throws himself* into the *rôle*.

I cannot bear to think even for a moment that an actor, who is capable of winning such real pre-eminence on our stage, will neglect one of the necessary steps to that result. And I trust that Mr. Booth will take the observations which I have made in the sense in which I make them, as the sincerest tribute I could possibly pay to the capacity of a man from whom all lovers of the Drama have a right to expect, and so to require really *great* things.

From the Future of Mr. Booth, which is not so positively a Future, as not to have some flavour in the present, to the Past of Mr. Wallack, which is not so positively a Past as not to have some value in the present, the transition is easy—and the contrast piquant enough. Mr. Wallack's vigour and vivacity have been a nine day's wonder so often that all we accept them now as the most natural things in the world, and are no more amazed by them than people who live on the old lava of Vesuvius are disturbed by the eruption of a fresh fiery stream. Still delight survives after wonder disappears, and the real last appearance of the accomplished veteran is an event from which all devout play-goers pray to be preserved, as earnestly as the British politicians wish long life and strong to the indomitable Pam, who stands between the country and a chaos of Ministers.

Miss Laura Keene preserves the even tenor of her way, and I am very glad to record a new success won by herself and her Company in a play not exactly new.

There is certainly no so good acting play in the recent modern repertoire as Tom Taylor's ingenious adaptation "Still Waters Run Deep." It is a play which combines truth to the passing aspect of society, with simplicity in its delineation of sempiternal passions, more exactly and more exquisitely than any other single specimen of the "fatal facility" school. The character of John Mildmay is quite a master-piece, and can only be adequately performed by a really superior actor—for it oscillates forever between the Scylla of common-place and the Charybdis of melodrama. Mr. Burton played it in Chambers Street with wonderful skill and tact, making the situations rise naturally out of the groundwork of the character, which was revealed to you from the first scene in the expression of his face, and the casual by-play which betrayed the realities of his nature. And Mr. Burton himself I am sure, would have applauded Mr. Wheatleigh's personification on Wednesday night. It was throughout a most quiet, consummate, keen and analytic representation, and gave me a higher sense of Mr. Wheatleigh's merits than I have ever before conceived. Admirable too was Miss Keene's rendering of the character of Mrs. Sternhold—a trifle more conventional perhaps, than her representations usually are—but still effective and truthful; while Mr. Jordan's Hawksley (a part familiar to him of old) was perfectly balanced with Mr. Wheatleigh's Mildmay. On the whole the play was acted as few plays have been acted at Miss Keene's Theatre during the past winter, with singular *equability* of excellence. The critical interview between the villain Hawkesley, and the avenging Mildmay was simply perfect in its way; not a touch of exaggeration or coarseness marred its effective handling. Might we always see such plays so played! HAMILTON.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

Lord Elgin embarked at Marseilles on May 1, on board the *Caradoc*, for Malta.——Valuable pearls have been found in the streams of Passaic and Bergen counties, New-Jersey. Great and unwholesome excitement prevails in consequence.——Sir Alexander Bannerman, the newly appointed Governor of Newfoundland, has arrived in Charleston.——A Yacht Club is organized at Halifax, N. S., with Edgecombe Chevallier, Esq., as *Commodore*, and Capt. Arbuthnot, of the 63rd Regiment, as *Vice-Commodore*. We wish it all success.——Electricity, as a substitute for steam, has, it is said, been brought into practical operation by Mr. Thomas Allan, a Scotch engineer. It is further said that Louis Napoleon has personally tested and approved the experiments.——Viscount Eversley (the late Speaker of the House of Commons) has been placed on the commission now sitting for inquiry into the Superior Courts of Common Law.——Mr. M. Arnold, son of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, has been elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford. His only competitor was Mr. Bode, not Mr. Ruskin.——A marriage will shortly take place between the Hon. Andrew Buchanan, our Minister at Copenhagen, and the Hon. Georgina Stuart, sister of the present Lord Blantyre.——The Russian government has just published the treaty of commerce and navigation with Japan, consisting of nine articles. The ports of Simoda, Hakodada, and Nangasaki are open to Russian commerce.——Mr. Neate, M. P. for Oxford City, has been elected Professor of Political Economy in the University.——Prince Napoleon will visit the Exhibition of Art Treasures at Manchester.——It is stated in aristocratic circles at Vienna, that Prince Alfred de Windischgraetz, though 70 years of age, is about to marry the Countess d'Auersperg. The Prince's wife, *nee* Princess de Schwarzenberg, was killed by the insurgents in the insurrection at Prague in June, 1848.——A large number of Paul Delaroche's pictures are now on exhibition in Paris. During his life, the artist himself was averse to any such submission of them to critical remarks.——Several strong protests have appeared in print against statements hastily made by Sir W. Napier, in his lately published life of his brother.——There are above 200 competitors for the government prizes for plans for public offices in Westminster. The particulars were given in the *Albion*, some months ago.——Prince Alfred has left Geneva, on his way through Switzerland to Gotha, where he is going to spend a few weeks on a visit to his uncle, the reigning Duke.——It appears that the dividend of the French Credit Mobilier this year is to be at the rate of 23 per cent. Last year it was 40 per cent.——The *Great Eastern*, it is said, will have Milford Haven for her home port.——The Romany Rye: A Sequel to Lavengro, by George Borrow, is advertised.——M. Paturean, a French amateur, has just sold off by auction his valuable collection of paintings. Sixty-eight pictures, which cost him 483 thousand francs, netted 846 thousand. How few amateurs could thus wind up their dealings!——Earl Granville has been elected Chancellor of the University of London, upon the resignation of the Earl of Burlington.——The Dowager Empress of Russia has gone from Nice to Rome. She is in better health than formerly.——The Duke of Cambridge has consented to take part in the inauguration of the public park presented to the borough of Birmingham by Lord Calthorpe.——M. Gustave de Rothschild, who occupies the Hotel Pescatore in the Rue St. Georges (say the *Ente' Acts*,) not wishing that his house should bear the unlucky number 13, has received permission on paying a sum of 3,000fr. to the poor, to have it changed into 11 bis.——Thackeray was to deliver a lecture on "the Georges," at the Town Hall, Oxford, on the 8th inst.——Llandaff Cathedral, which has been undergoing restoration for the last ten years, and has been closed for some time, is re opened for public worship.——Last year £6,476,060, was coined at the Mint, in London.——A collection of essays, by Sir J. F. W. Herschel, from the *Edinburgh* and other reviews, is announced for publication.——Mr. Labouchere has given his consent for the immediate erection of another bishopric in New Zealand, to include the provinces of Wellington and Nelson. He has nominated the Ven. Archdeacon Hadfield to the new bishopric.——The *Dumfries Courier* announces the forthcoming publication of a "Dumfries Album," which will contain contributions from Mr. Thomas Carlyle, Professor Blackie, Mr. James Hannay, Professor Nichol of Glasgow, Rev. George Gilfillan, Mr. T. Aird, Mrs. Johnstone, &c.——Messrs. Howe and Cushing's great American Circus Company have made a sensation in Liverpool. They arrived out in 22 days, by the sailing ship *Southampton*, losing only four horses on the voyage.—General Ashburnham finds defenders, in officers who have served under him.——A brother of the Hon. C. A. Murray has protested through the *Times* against an article in the *Quarterly Review*, impugning the minister's conduct in Persia.——M. de Lesseps, of Suez Canal celebrity, has been entertained at a dinner at the Goldsmiths' Hall, London. There were present the Bishop of London, General Williams, Sir Roderick Murchison, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, and Mr. Ellice.——Lieut.-Gen. Ashburnham left Suez on the 21st ult., by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer *Ava*, on his way to China.——A captain in our mercantile marine has offered to contribute £500 towards the outfit of Lady Franklin's new expedition, if he be permitted to accompany it.——At the recent taking of the customary oaths in the House of Peers, the Duke of Devonshire appeared very infirm, having to be supported by an usher, and signing the roll with his left hand.——Mr. Phinn, who has for some time fulfilled the duties of Assistant-Secretary at the Admiralty, has resigned his office, and intends to return to his practice at the bar, and perhaps ultimately to Parliament. Mr. Phinn will be succeeded by Mr. Romaine, who greatly distinguished himself while connected with the Crimean army.——A letter from Munich, in the *Augsburgh Gazette*, says: "Professor Liebig has analysed the bread sent to him from Hong Kong, and has found it to contain a quarter gramme of arsenic for every fifty grammes of bread, or more than sufficient to cause death. The arsenic was spread over the whole surface of the bread, which proved that the poison had been mixed up with the dough."——Officers of the Army and Navy are to wear crape round the left arm, during the Court mourning for the late Duchess of Gloucester.——The steam-yacht for the Emperor of Japan is described as very splendid. We doubt the policy of these gifts. The Oriental ignoramuses are apt to mistake them for tribute.——The *Avenir d'Anvers* states that an Antwerp lady has given birth to her twenty-ninth child, and both the mother and little No. twenty-nine are doing well.——The *Morning Herald* and *Standard* were *not* bought by Lord Derby, as we took leave to doubt, the other day. They were put up to sale, but there were no bidders.——The London Art-Union has thirteen thousand subscribers.——The Panopticon, a splendid building in London, erected at a cost of £85,000, has been peremptorily sold under a decree of the Court of Chancery. Mr. E. T. Smith, the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, was the purchaser for the sum of £11,000. We believe it is Mr. Smith's intention to convert the building into a cirque for horsemanship, combining with it a gigantic music-hall, for which it is well-fitted.——M. Michel Levy, the Paris publisher, has bought the "Memoires" of M. Guizot for a sum of 100,000 francs. The work is to appear in four or five volumes, and will be entitled "Memoires pour servir a l'Histoire de mon Temps depuis 1814 jusqu'au 23 Fevrier, 1848."——A marriage is about to take place between the eldest son of Lord Campbell and the eldest daughter of the late Bishop of Bristol.

Obituary.

Lady Ashburton.—It is with much regret that we announce the death of Lady Ashburton, which took place at Paris. She had passed the last winter at Nice, and had reached Paris on her way to England, having, as it was hoped, overcome the malady under which she sank. Lady Ashburton was the eldest daughter of the sixth Earl of Sandwich, and was married to the present Lord Ashburton, then Mr. Bingham Baring, in 1823.

At his residence, St. Catherines, near Montreal, Lieut.-Col. Maxwell, late of H. M.'s 15th Regiment, aged 82 years.—At Lincoln, Captain F. Kennedy, formerly of the 51st Regt. Light Infantry.—At St. Helier's, Jersey, Frederick Arthur Egerton, Commander R.N.—At Dublin, Lieut.-Col. James Bowes, formerly of the 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers.

Appointments.

The Right Hon. Lord Belhaven, to be H.M.'s High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.—The Rev. Canon Gilson, M.A., to be Archdeacon of Montreal and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop.—The New Speaker of the House of Commons has appointed the Hon. George Waldegrave as his Secretary, the Rev. T. Garnier as his Chaplain, and Mr. G. K. Rickards as his Counsel and Examiner of Election Recognisances.—Admiral Hamelin, of the French Navy, is appointed a G.C.B.

Army.

The *Times* says that the 7th Fusiliers, 88th Regiment, the 3d battalion of the Rifle Brigade, and another regiment, probably the Ninety-third Highlanders, will proceed to India as soon as tonnage can be procured for their conveyance.—The 2d Battalion Royal Military Train, under the command of Major Robertson, has sailed in a freight-ship from Woolwich for Hong Kong. There were 9 officers and 362 non-commissioned officers and men.—It is understood to be the intention of the authorities at the War-office to despatch a division of the Field Equipment Corps of the Royal Engineers to China, in order that they may act with the Royal Engineer force now on their passage thither.—Good service pensions of £100 per annum each have been conferred on Lieut.-Col. H. J. French, Assist.-Adjt.-Gen. at Cork, and Maj.-Gen. C. Trollope. A good service pension of £200 a-year is available by the death of Gen. Everard.—The *Morning Post* states that Captain Sayer, who recently vacated an appointment in the Adjt.-General's department, will succeed Lieut.-Col. Addison as Deputy-Assistant Quartermr.-General to the Forces, at the Horse Guards.—Recruits are wanted for the Grenadier, Coldstream, and Scots Fusilier Guards.—The present rate of bounty granted to recruits, viz., £2, is henceforh (says the *United Service Gazette*) to be issued to each soldier who, on the termination of his first period of service, shall re-enlist for the further term of years required to complete a total service of twenty-one years in the infantry, or twenty-four years in the cavalry or artillery; and to each of the soldiers so re-enlisting who may be complete in necessaries the sum of £1 will be allowed as compensation in lieu of a new kit.—In the *Gazette* of the 5th inst. it is announced that the Victoria Cross, for acts of bravery performed before the enemy during the late war, have been granted to Col. the Hon. H. H. Manders Percy, of the Gren. Guards; Lt. W. Hope and Assist.-Surgeon Hale, M.D., of the 7th Fusiliers; and to Bvt.-Major Conolly, late of the 49th Regt., now of the Coldstream Guards. Their specific services are recorded. In the long list of British promotions and appointments in the Legion of Honour, decreed by the Emperor Napoleon, we find the names of Col. Borton, C. B., 9th Regt.; Lieut. Col. Elmhirst, late 9th; Col. M'Pherson, C. B., late 17th; Bt. Lieut. Col. Gordon, 17th; Lieut. Col. Tinley, Cape Mounted Rifles, late 39th Regt.; Lieut. Col. Ingall, C. B., 62d.; Major Carter, 62d.; Private J. M'Gowan, 63d.—Lieut. Jeffcock, 31st Reg., shot himself dead with a revolver at Malta, on 7th April last.—The *Times* expresses a doubt as to the 82d Regiment going to China.

Navy.

Medals for the Arctic Expeditions.—All the officers and crews of every ship engaged in the many Arctic expeditions are to receive the Medal. Would it not have been gracious to have included those who sailed and hailed from this country? The published list of the names of vessels engaged, with the dates attached, is an epitome of the various efforts made in that direction. The list is as follows. The *Isabella*, *Alexander*, *Trent*, and *Dorothea*, 1818; *Hecla* and *Griper*, 1819; *Fury* and *Hecla*, 1821; *Griper*, 1823; *Hecla*, *Fury*, and *Griper*, 1824; *Blossom*, 1826; *Hecla*, 1827; *Terror*, 1836; *Erebus* and *Terror*, 1845; *Plover*, *Enterprise*, *Investigator*, and *Herald*, 1848; *Enterprise*, *Investigator*, and *North Star*, 1849; *Resolute* and *Assistance*, 1850; *Rattlesnake*, *Assistance*, *Resolute*, and *North Star*, 1852; *Phœnix*, 1853; *Phœnix*, 1854; *Victory*, 1829; *Lady Franklin* and *Sophia*, 1850.

The paddlewheel steam-frigate *Furieux*, 16, Capt. Sherard Osborne, and the sc. st. storeship *Hesper*, sailed from Plymouth on the 4th inst., for China with two despatch boats and 12 gunboats.—The *Cyclops*, 6, p. w. steamer, is substituted for the *Terrible*, to assist the *Agamemnon* in laying down the electric telegraph. The *Terrible* requires heavy repairs.—The *Winchester*, 50-gun sailing frigate, Capt. Wilson, late flagship on the China station, at Spithead to be paid off. She has been upwards of five years in commission, and is relieved by the *Calcutta*, 84, Capt. Hall, C.B.—On the 29th of April, the fleet, under Lord Lyons, continued cruising off Malta, trying rates of sailing, exercising, &c. At present, it appears, the best sailor is the *Royal Albert*, *Conqueror* second, *Brunswick* third, *Centurion* fourth. They will proceed with Lord Lyons to visit the various ports of his station during the summer.—A splendid screw three-decker, the *Royal Sovereign*, was launched at Portsmouth on the 2nd inst. The tide having reached its height earlier than was expected, thousands of visitors came a day after the fair. Among them were the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Duke of Richmond, the Prince of Saxe-Weimar, the Commander-in-Chief, Lieutenant-Governor, and other dignitaries.—It is as a barrack-ship for the China station, that the *Princess Charlotte*, sailing three-decker, 104, has been commissioned at Portsmouth by Capt. St. Vincent King, C.B., Aide-de-Camp to the Queen.—Vice-Admiral Sir Barrington Reynolds, K.C.B., is selected by the Lords of the Admiralty as the successor to Admiral Sir W. Parker, as Commander-in-Chief at Devonport, whose period of service is about to expire. Rear-Admiral Reynolds was Commander-in-Chief of the Cape of Good Hope, whence he was transferred to the south-east coast of America. He returned to England in January, 1852.—The *Majestic*, 80, Capt. Hope, C.B., and the *Crecy*, 80, Capt. Warren, have arrived at Sheerness from the Mediterranean to be paid off.—The *Volcano*, 3-gun steam-vessel, is undergoing extensive repair at Portsmouth for the China station, where she will do the duty of a floating smithery for the repair of the steamers' machinery on that station.—Capt. the Hon. J. R. Drummond, C.B., is appointed private secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty, vice Mr. T. Baring, resigned.—Many British promotions and appointments have been made in the Legion of Honour. Rear Admiral Sir Houston Stewart is made a Grand Officer of 2nd class; and Capt. St. Vincent King, of the 4th.—The *Terrier*, 16-gun floating battery, is to be sent to Bermuda for the defence of that island, and will bear the pennant of Capt. Hutton, the newly appointed Superintendent of Bermuda Dockyard.—Vice-Admiral Sir Barrington Reynolds, K. C. B., has hoisted his flag as Rear-Admiral, at Plymouth, on board the Cambridge, 78, and Admiral Sir W. Parker, G. C. B., has struck his flag on board the *Impregnable*.—The screw st. *Wrangler*, 4, from the Black Sea, has arrived in Plymouth Sound.

Appointments.—Capts: J M'Neil Boyd to command the *Meander*, 44, coast-guard frigate on the Devonport station, v Drummond; Frederick Hutton to be naval officer in charge of stores, &c., at Bermuda; Woodford J Williams to *Royal William*, v Hutton; J R Walnwright to *Leopard*.—Commrs: A Wilmshurst to *Racehorse*, v Barnard, prom; J W Douille to *Princess Charlotte*.—Lieuts: C J Balfour, J E Doran, J G C Evered, and H G Belsom, to *Princess Charlotte*; J Dayman to command *Cyclops*; J W Armstrong and J R Veitch, to *Cyclops*; J F Leeson to *Cornwallis*; E F Holmes, S W H Tompson, P E Luard, and G T Nicholas to *Leopard*; H H M Magrath to *Venerable*; S P Brett to *Adventure*; J Ward to carry out the *Emperor*, steam yacht, for the Emperor of Japan. Paymasters: R E Malow to *Leopard*; K L Sutherland to *Agamemnon*; N Giles to *Cyclops*; F Auret to *Boscawen*; J Lindsay to *Castor*; G R Deighton to *Princess Charlotte*.—Surgeons; W Dairs (staff) to *Boscawen*; H Gimlett to *Cyclops*; W D Kerr to *Agamemnon*; J J Martin to *Leopard*; D L Morgan to *Assistance*; D Carter to *Adventure*; W R Dalton to *Princess Charlotte*; Chaplains; Rev F W Smith to *Leopard*; Rev E W Fox to *Boscawen*.

Promotions.—To be Capts: Commrs E K Barnard and T Cochran; To be Commrs: Lieuts J R Veitch, H Harvey, and J H Howard.

New Books.

A substantial edition to the ever-swelling stores of knowledge is Mr. C. L. Brace's thick duodecimo on Scandinavia, just published by Scribner, under the title of *The Norse-Folk*. It is the result of his personal observation of Sweden and Norway during an extended tour; and, without any pretence to fine writing, embodies in large measure that varied kind of information, which makes the reader at home where he is carried. Mr. Brace neither limits himself to his own experiences, nor to the dry details that may be found in geographical and historical works. All is well intermingled—the Viking and legendary lore, the social condition of to-day, the stern scenery of the Fiords, the peasant life, the hospitalities of the upper classes, the public institutions, manners, politics, policy, religion—so that the picture, if not glossed over as the manner of many travellers' tales is, leaves a decided impression on the mind. The author will not perhaps figure for much in your recollections; but you will be aware, as you lay down his book, that you have been wandering through scenery of savage grandeur and amongst a primitive race.

An abridgement of the government narrative of the U. S. expedition to Japan, under Commodore Perry, (which was noticed at length in these columns) has been made by Dr. Robert Tomes, and issued by the Appletons in a comely duodecimo volume. The compiler's task has been so well done that—without collating one with the other—we detect no omission; though we observe that he has judiciously softened down the unseemly diatribes on the custody of Napoleon at St. Helena, which were altogether out of place in the original.

These two works are for the full-fledged student. For boys and girls, who partake of the inquisitive spirit of the times as to foreign wonders, here is a pretty little volume from the Harpers, *Stories of the Island World*, by Charles Nordhoff. Java, Madagascar, Iceland, Ceylon, and New Zealand, supply the material, which is set in a frame-work of child-like dialogue. A religious tone runs through it all, the missionary doings in those regions of barbarism being woven into the accounts of their inhabitants, productions, and so forth.

Nor have we quite done yet with travellers' tales, which form no inconsiderable item in the weekly list of novelties. Here is one (Putnam & Co.) that carries a business-like title, *An American Merchant in Europe, Asia, and Australia*. It consists of letters written from various parts of the globe by Mr. G. F. Train, of Boston, whose commercial pursuits and investigations led him recently from port to port in India, China, and Australia, and through Egypt, the Holy Land, the Crimea, &c., on his homeward route. These letters are written in a pleasant, sprightly style, and glance at topics grave and gay, the statistics of a trade or the details of an entertainment, with equal gusto. If this be "commercial literature," or a sample of "Young America Abroad," as Mr. Freeman Hunt seems to imply in a preface, we can but say that the language of trade is any thing but dull, and that the effusions of the rising generation of this country have a degree of good sterling sense, not always associated with them in public estimation.

Among the new editions of standard works, we have to name a cheap reprint, by Putnam & Co., of *Salmagundi*, wherein Washington Irving laid the foundation of his fame precisely half a century ago!; and a very pretty one, from Ticknor & Co., of Mrs. Jameson's *Characteristics of Women*. If you want a tiny book for each pocket, for railway or other reading, balance the one against the other. A pleasant contrast is there between the local and social badinage of Paulding and Irving anent fifty years since, and the womanly, poetic, sensible, and sensitive essays of Mrs. Jameson, on subjects which belong to "all time." Mr. Irving also comes to us in his *Tales of a Traveller*, and *The Sketch Book*, being portions (together with *Salmagundi*) of Putnam's Railway Classics.

Captain Marryatt's sea stories have stood the test of years, and have not a rival in their line. Americans perhaps rank Cooper above him; but there is room enough for both, and we shall not attempt to compare the respective merits and characteristics of the two. It will at least be conceded that for hilarious drollery the Captain must take precedence of the Purser. The very names of the four tales before us are an invitation to renewed mirth—*Peter Simple, Jacob Faithful, Midshipman Easy*, and *The King's Own*! How we envy the happy fellows who have for the first time to make acquaintance with them, through the new issue from the press of Derby and Jackson. In this each novel is complete in one volume, well got up and printed.

Dry reading, but eminently useful in due time and place, is a work compiled by Mr. J. Smith Homans, Junr., (Putnam & Co.) *An Historical and Statistical Account of the Foreign Commerce of the U. S.* A bird's-eye view of the whole importation and exportation during the last 35 years, may be here obtained, together with a glance at the separate dealings of each State.—But did we stamp this as dry reading? Why, it is racy, unctuous, absorbing, compared with the volume in calf, set off with purple and red, on which we next lay the hand! It must have been left at our office by mistake, instead of at Sharpem and Snapem's, the lawyers round the corner. However, Counsellors must have their multifarious precedents gathered together for reference; and so we presume that Mr. John C. Devereux, in doing the needful for *The Court of Claims*, by gleaning the Reports and Digest of Opinions delivered by it since its organization, has rendered good service to the learned fraternity. At least Messrs. Banks, Gould, & Co. have herein catered to the insatiable taste of law students, to whom we wish easy digestion of the Digest.

In the way of Music—without passing judgment upon the arrangement, which is the duty of a musical critic—we must notice with satisfaction the appearance of *The Family Circle Glee Book*, containing about two hundred songs, glees, choruses, &c., compiled by Mr. Elias Howe, and published by Mason Brothers, of this city. All sorts of tastes may herein be suited, the sentimental, the gay, the serious, the patriotic; for at a venture we select from the Index "Annie Laurie," "Trab, Trab," "She is far from the Land," and "The Marseilles Hymn." If the cultivation of vocal music—as a home relaxation, and not as a parody on public entertainments—be promoted by this work, we shall be glad to have given it a good word.—We have also to acknowledge the receipt, from Mr. Millet, of *The Eagle Polka*, by C. de Janon.

Fine Arts.

CITY ARCHITECTURE: MESSRS. BOWEN AND MCNAMEE'S NEW STORE.—Some time since, in drawing attention to the magnificent white-marble edifice, adjoining the Broadway Theatre, that now approaches completion, we promised our readers a description of it. Here is one written for us.

This building stands in Broadway, on the corner of Pearl Street. It is 75 feet on the former, and 150 feet on the latter. It has five stories above the ground, and two below, with a double tier of vaults under the Broadway sidewalk, and one tier under that on Pearl St. The sidewalk on Broadway is formed by large blocks of granite, each block being large enough to span the entire width, and averaging 8 feet wide. These form the roof of vaults, thereby rendering arches unnecessary, which makes them (the vaults) nearly as high as the basement story. The area between the granite sidewalk and the line of front, which is 5 feet 6 ins. wide, is covered with a platform formed of patent illuminating vault lights in iron frames; and this being perfectly waterproof connects the basement and vaults into one large room, 175 feet long, thoroughly lighted.

The floors are sustained in the centre, from the cellar floor to the roof, by cast-iron columns and wrought-iron H girders, the ends of beams resting on the lower flange. The sky-lights on the roof which light the centre of the store are fire-proof and burglar-proof, being made in the same way as the patent illuminating vault light.

The fronts on Broadway and Pearl St., above the line of water-table, are entirely of white marble from the quarries at Tuckahoe, commonly called Eastchester marble. The front on Broadway is more ornate than that on Pearl St. It is divided perpendicularly into three main compartments by pannelled piers or pilasters, and horizontally by a frieze and cornice between each story. Between the pannelled piers each story is again divided into three spaces by detached or insulated columns with carved capitals, from which spring semi-circular arches with ornamental key-stones; these support the frieze above referred-to. The columns stand on pedestals, the capping of which is continued between each, and forms the rails for balconies—the front of the balconies being filled in with perforated panels of geometric design, each story being varied in form. Between each column is an arched window extending nearly to the floor; and owing to the thickness of the wall being three feet, and the windows being on the inner side, it affords ample room for standing in the balconies on the outside of the windows.

The whole is crowned with an entablature, of architrave, frieze and modillion cornice, of liberal projection; and over the centre compartment a pediment, on each side of which is a perforated parapet or balustrade having pedestals over the main piers, supporting vases of a graceful outline. The entire height of the wall from the sidewalk to the apex of pediment is 90 feet. The panels of the principal piers in the first story each contain an elaborately carved ornament, in the centre of which is the number of the building; and in those in the second story a handsome rosette.

The Pearl St. front is more simple than that on Broadway. It is divided perpendicularly into five compartments, and horizontally the same as on Broadway; but the columns and arches are dispensed with. The two end compartments contain four arched windows in each story, and the centre compartment three. The intermediate compartments are solid, with the exception of an arched recess or blank in the centre. The whole is crowned with an entablature corresponding to that on the Broadway front, the centre compartment having a pediment, and the two end compartments an ornamental balustrade with pedestals and vases.

The above is little more than a specification; but we cannot refrain from adding that the public has recognized, with general consent, the beauty and harmony of the architectural design. In truth the building is, or will be when completed, the chief ornament of Broadway—of Broadway, so vaunted as an avenue, and so curiously made up of stately and ignoble facades that alternate in bewildering confusion. The Architect is Mr. Joseph C. Wells, of this city, who has done much to embellish it, and who has scattered throughout many parts of the country—in the shape of churches, mansions, villas, and stores—abundant proof of that combined taste and knowledge which are requisite for genuine success in his profession. Looking to the artistic botches and blotches that catch the eye in a walk through the streets of New-York, it is clear that in this community builders are often mistaken for architects. We wish it could be said of more members of the profession—as it honestly may of Mr. Wells—*nihil tetigit, quod non ornavit*.

For the information of the curious in such matters, we may state that the size and material of this building, and the excessive value of the ground on which it is placed, have involved the outlay of nearly half a million of dollars in its construction.

ROYALTY AND MARRIAGE.

The death of the fifteen children of George III. carries back all minds over a large space of time, and would create a historical interest in connection with the death of the Duchess of Gloucester, if there had been much less than there is of personal interest attending the character of the amiable princess who has just departed. Her birth, and her title by marriage, recall some associations which it may be useful to revive, under the altered circumstances of a new century and generation. The discontents which existed for a time between the father and the father-in-law of the deceased Princess produced consequences on her life—and that of most of her family—and on public morals and welfare, which ought not to be forgotten in a review of her character and position, and which are not yet over in regard to the existing generation.

George III. married, in 1761, the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. He was not satisfied with pleasing himself in his own marriage, but fully expected that his brothers would please, not themselves, but him, in their marriages. They did not do so; and when he was a sober married man, with half-a-dozen children, he was excessively scandalised at the discovery that the Duke of Cumberland had married Mrs. Horton, and the Duke of Gloucester the Countess Dowager of Waldegrave. There were immediate political consequences arising from the family quarrel—the Opposition finding their spirits and their forces at once revived; but a more permanent, and far more serious, consequence was, that the Royal Marriage Act was devised by the King, and carried through Parliament with a high hand, in the midst of protests and remonstrances from Burke, Lords Camden and Rockingham, and others, and many forebodings of the mischief it would cause. Under this Act no descendant of George II. could marry under the age of 25 without the King's consent; nor after that age otherwise than after applying to the Privy Council (in case of the Sovereign's disapprobation), and waiting a year to see whether either House of Parliament would address the King against the marriage—which, in that case, could not take place. It was too late now, happily, to overthrow the Duke of Gloucester's marriage, which had taken place five years before. It was declared at court in the autumn of 1772, the same year that the Royal Marriage Act passed. The fanaticism of the German Queen for royal quarterings, which even exceeded the passion of the King for prerogative, was necessarily mortified this time; but both were resolved that it should be the last. Their children should marry royalty, or not marry at all. They never doubted whether they could enforce their decision when once they had the law on their side. Certain other, prior, and greater laws of human nature they made no account of.

After the birth of two daughters, the discountenanced pair had a son, who remained the only one. He was born at Rome on the 15th of January, 1776; and all the English in Rome were present at his baptism, the next month. On the 25th of the following April was born the 11th child of George III.—the Princess Mary, who was to be the wife of the little Cousin at Rome. The event was signalised by a rather remarkable address presented (on the day of the baptism) by the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London—an address which contained a sermon on laws, liberties, and the glorious Revolution, which did not seem to have much to do with the infant princess, and which got a very short answer from the King. That was the time when the Americans were preparing their Declaration of Independence, which was promulgated on the 4th of the following July; and when M. Necker was put at the head of French finance—a time at which King George did not want to hear anything about liberties and revolutions, and when accordingly all manner of people were seizing every opportunity of preaching to him about them.

During the long course of years in which many of the other members of the family were involved in the penalties and perplexities of their rank, with regard to love and marriage, it was believed that the Princess Mary and her cousin, the Duke of Gloucester, were attached. She was interested in his Cambridge life (his education being finished there;) and she gloried in his receiving the General's thanks in the field, when he was fighting in Flanders, so early as 1794. He proved himself both a gallant and able soldier, and really won his rank—which rose to that of field marshal in 1816. When the young people were one-and-twenty the princess Charlotte was born; and as it soon became understood that there would be no heir apparent if the Princess of Wales lived, the necessity was admitted of keeping the Duke of Gloucester single, to marry the presumptive heiress of the throne, in case of no eligible foreign prince appearing for that function. For twenty of their best years the Duke and the Princess were kept waiting, during which interval (in the year 1805) he succeeded to his title on his father's death. Everybody liked and loved the Princess Mary, who was a pattern of duty and sweetness through all the family trials she had to witness and share in; and the Duke, though not a man of much political ability, was in that part of his life a Whig, and on the generous and liberal side of almost every question. We are obliged to say "almost," because he supported with his whole force the exclusion of Dissenters from the Universities, when he was Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, after the death of the Duke of Grafton. On the anti-slavery question he was as earnest in his own way as Wilberforce in his, and kind and helpful in all matters of charity that came before him. Romilly tells us a curious thing of him—that he volunteered, in a *tête-à-tête* with Sir S. Romilly, his declaration that Queen Caroline was innocent, and that her accusers were perjured. He latterly became a Tory; but, for the greater part of his life, the same genial spirit of liberality and personal unassumingness distinguished him and the Princess Mary. As for her, she pleased old and young alike. Lord Eldon used to tell with delight a joke of Queen Charlotte's—about the last person in the world whom any one would suspect of jesting. Her Majesty used to charge the Lord Chancellor with flirting with her daughter Mary; and the Chancellor used to reply that he was not Emperor, King, or Prince, and that, moreover, he was married already—a reply which reminds us of that reported by Charles Lamb of six Scotchmen, who, on somebody wishing that Burns was present, all started forward on their seats to declare that that was impossible, because Burns was dead. But we must suppose that Lord Eldon, who really had humour in his way, considered the above as near an approach to jocularity as could be permitted in the presence of royalty.

In 1814, when the Prince of Orange was in England, and his father announced his approaching marriage with the Princess Charlotte, Princess Mary looked bright and happy. Lord Malmesbury recorded in his diary what her manners were like when the charm of youth was past, and the character of womanhood was marked. He said she "was all good humour and pleasantness;" adding, "her manners are perfect, and I never saw or conversed with any princess so exactly what she ought to be." And no one living, perhaps, knew more princesses, or more of what they really were, than the old diplomatist. The Prince of Orange went away, and Princess Mary drooped. Everybody was saying that the Duke of Gloucester must be the Princess Charlotte's bridegroom after all. But a few months more put an end to the long suspense. When the Princess Charlotte descended the great staircase at Carlton House, after the ceremony of her marriage, she was met at the foot with open arms by the Princess Mary, whose face was bathed in tears. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were married in a few weeks—on the 23d July, 1816. The bride's demeanour was so interesting and affecting that it opened the sluices of Lord Eldon's ready tears, which he declared ran down his cheeks; but the Chief Justice, Lord Ellenborough, also, present, must have been in another mood. Some persons were talking in a corner of the crowded room; and the Chief Justice called to them, in the midst of the ceremony, "Do not make such a noise in that corner—if you do, you shall be married yourselves." It is rather pathetic now to think of the details of that marriage—the crowded saloon—the royal mother and sisters on one side the altar, and the royal brothers on the other—the bride, though no longer young, "looking very lovely," in a remarkably simple dress; to remember how the scene was related at every fireside in England; and then to think that none of the family, and probably no one who was present, survives. No application was made to Parliament for an increase of income in this case. The benevolent habits of the Duke and Duchess had taught them in a practical way the value of money; and they arranged their plan of life so as to make their means suffice, and leave enough for much support of schools, and aid to many a good cause.

They lived together eighteen years—the Duke dying in November 1834. It surprised no one that his wife proved herself the most assiduous and admirable of nurses during her husband's decline. After his death, she lived in as much retirement as her rank admitted, doing good where she could, and universally beloved. She saw the last of her immediate relatives drop from her side, and herself left the survivor of that long family train that used to look so royal and so graceful when returning the admiring salutations of the public on the terrace at Windsor. All that long series of heart-histories was closed. The wretched avowed marriages, and the wretched, or happy, or chequered secret marriages, and the mere formal state marriages, which took place in consequence of the Princess Charlotte's decease, were alike dissolved by death. What a world of misery could this survivor have told of, arising from the law-made incompatability between royalty, and the natural provision for the domestic affections. The elaborate and public preparation required by the Marriage Act in her own case, by which her marriage was made an act of the state, was painful enough; but her lot, with its one steady affection, long in suspense and late gratified, was a happy one in comparison, perhaps, with that of any other member of the family; and many a painful meditation must she have had on that piece of enforced legislation of her father's early and headstrong years. Those various love stories are hidden now in the grave; and she who was the depositary of so many of them has followed them thither. There, then, let them rest.

But the lesson they yield should not be neglected. There was a strong hope that when our young Queen Victoria, who was at full liberty, as Sovereign, to please herself in marriage, had made her choice, this wretched and demoralising Marriage Act, always reprobated by the wisest and best men of the time, would be repealed. There were then none left of the last generation who could be pointed at, or in any way affected, by such a repeal; and it was thought that it would be wise to do the thing before there was a new generation to introduce difficulty into the case. The opportunity has almost been allowed to slip from us. The royal children have ceased to be children, at least the elder ones.

Meantime, there is, as we all know, a strong and growing popular distrust, in our own country and in others, of the close dynastic connexions which are multiplying by means of the perpetual intermarriages of a very few families. The political difficulties recently, and indeed constantly, experienced from the complication of family interests, involving almost every throne in Europe, are a matter of universal feeling and conversation. There is no chance for the physical and intellectual welfare of coming generations when marriages take place among blood relations; and there is no chance for morality and happiness when, under legal or state compulsion, young people love in one direction and marry in another. No evils that could possibly arise from marriages out of the royal pale can for a moment compare with the inevitable results of a royal marriage law like ours, perpetuated through other generations than the unhappy one that has gone. Royalty will have quite difficulties enough to contend with all through Europe, in coming times, without the perils consequent on this law. Its operations will expose all the intermarried royal families in Europe to criticism and ultimate rejection by peoples who will not be governed by a coterie of persons diseased in body through narrow intermarriage, enfeebled in mind,—strong only in their prejudices, and large only in their self-esteem and in their requirements. There is yet time to save the thrones of Europe—or at least the royal palaces of England—from the consequences of a collision between the great natural laws ordained by Providence, and the narrow and mischievous artificial law ordained by a wilful King of England. The King is in his grave, and the last of his children is now gone to join him there. Let the time be laid hold of to bury his evil work in the tomb which is now to be sealed over him and his for ever; and the act will be gratefully acknowledged by a long line of future princes and princesses, who will be spared the bitter sufferings of those who have gone before. It can never be, as was said by wise men 80 years ago, that royal personages who are declared of age at 18 will have no will of their own, in such a matter as marriage, at five-and-twenty. Marriage is too solemn and sacred a matter to be treated as a piece of state politics; and the ordinance which is holy in freedom of private life may be trusted with the domestic welfare of prince and peasant alike.—*Daily News*.

LADY FRANKLIN'S LAST HOPE.

The following are the terms in which proposals for a public subscription are advertised in the London papers.

LADY FRANKLIN'S FINAL SEARCH.—The Government having come to the conclusion that the fate of the crews of her Majesty's ship *Erebus* and *Terror* requires no further investigation on their part, Lady Franklin, in accordance with her sense of what is due to the lost navigators, is now fitting out an expedition at her own cost.

As a preliminary measure she sought assistance from the admiralty, by asking for the loan of the Arctic ship *Resolute*, which had been restored in perfect order to our Queen by the American nation, and also for the gift (as granted in her former private expeditions) of such stores from her Majesty's dockyard as are available for this special service only. Compliance with these requests having been declined, Lady Franklin is now devoting her whole fortune to this final search; and a large screw yacht (the *Fox*) lying at Aberdeen, has been purchased, which the distinguished Arctic officer who has accepted the command of her (Captain M'Clintock, R.N.) has pronounced to be perfectly adapted to this employment.

Not repeating the arguments we formerly made use of to induce the Government to undertake a final and exhaustive search, we hold to the opinion that it is the duty of Englishmen to examine that limited area whence the traces of their missing countrymen were derived, which, though it lies to the south of well-searched tracts, and has been approached by vessels that returned without loss, has never yet been explored. Supported by the advice of those experienced Arctic seamen, in whom she has every reason to confide, Lady Franklin makes this last effort to clear away the mystery that shrouds the fate of her husband and his crews, and possibly to rescue from their isolated icy abode among the Esquimaux some of his younger companions, who may still be prolonging a dreary existence.

On such an occasion we, whose names are hereunto subscribed, feel confident that this our appeal will not remain unanswered by the British people, who will, we doubt not, tender to the widow of the illustrious navigator that sympathy which his fame and her devotion must call forth, and will aid her in carrying out an enterprise involving, as we believe, the honour of the nation.

We earnestly, therefore, entreat our countrymen to unite with us in contributing to this noble object.

(Signed) Roderick I. Murchison, Prest. Rl. Geographical Society, F.R.S.; Francis Beaufort, Rear-Admiral, F.R.S. and F.R.G.S.; Wrottesley, Prest. Rl. Society; Edward Sabine, Treas. Rl. Society; Robert Brown, F.R.S., V.P.L.S.; Rich. Collinson, Captain R.N., F.R.G.S.; John Barrow, F.R.S., F.R.G.S.

SUBSCRIPTIONS ALREADY RECEIVED.

Sir Roderick I. Murchison	£100	0	0
Rear-Admiral Sir Francis Beaufort	50	0	0
Lord Wrottesley	50	0	0
General Sabine	25	0	0
Robert Brown	10	0	0
Captain Collinson, R. N., C.B.	20	0	0
Rear-Admiral Swinburne	30	0	0
M. De La Roquette, V. President of the Geographical Society of Paris, 1,000f.	40	0	0
Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, Bart.	100	0	0
The Hon. Mrs. Fairholme	150	0	0
— Le Feuvre, Esq.	50	0	0
William Tite, M.P., F.R.G.S.	50	0	0
W. F. Sadler, Esq.	10	10	0
Lady Inglis	10	0	0
John Barrow, F.R.S., F.R.G.S.	25	0	0
Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, F.R.G.S.	10	0	0
Joseph D. Hooker, M.D., F.R.S.	5	5	0
John Arrowsmith, F.R.G.S.	5	0	0
Thomas Holdsworth Brooking, F.R.G.S.	10	0	0
Count P. E. de Strzelecki, C.B., F.R.G.S.	25	0	0
Colonel Sykes, M.P., F.R.S., F.R.G.S.	5	0	0
Lord Dufferin	25	0	0
The Hon. Fred. Byron	5	0	0
Capt. Washington, R.N., Hydrographer to the Admiralty	21	0	0

A REMARKABLE BROOCH.

We translate from a *Paris* paper the pretty little anecdote that follows.

There was lately seen, at a jeweller's in the Rue de la Paix, a fantastical object that provoked enquiry. It was a small brooch of oblong shape, set with brilliants of considerable value. Within it, upon an enamelled ground, and protected by glass, was enclosed—what think you? A miniature likeness?—No! A lock of hair?—No! What then?—Why, something much more piquant: four pins, four old brass pins, crooked and rusty!

Such a curiosity demands an explanation. We have taken especial pains to get at the truth, and this is what we have ascertained.

There are at this moment in Paris a Count and a Countess. Their country . . . but we cannot name it, and you will perceive the reason. The Count formerly devoted himself to politics, infinitely more than suited the excessively absolute Sovereign of this undesignated country. It was for this dangerous zeal that the said Count was, one night, seized in his bed by four agents of the police, and thrust into a cell on four wheels drawn by post-horses, which carried him . . . Heaven, he, and I know where!

The unfortunate nobleman was plunged into a dungeon, blacker than the soul of his persecutor. Days, weeks, months passed away—and not a sign of examination. The prisoner, thus snatched from the exercise of his dearest affections, from his friendships, from his interests, buried in silence and obscurity, soon began to feel his body waste away, and his mind wandering. He became apprehensive—apprehensive of himself, more than of his prince! But, being still sufficiently clear-sighted to foresee the incalculable danger of this solitude and of this gloomy stagnation, he determined at all hazards to defend himself against the double torture; and this is the plan that he hit upon.

Searched from head to foot by the ruffians who had thrown him there, it chanced that in his dress had remained four pins which escaped the overhauling. They suggested to him a mode of conjuring the terrible void or the dangerous arrest of his thinking powers, in this solitude, this darkness, this silence. You would scarcely guess what benefit a poor prisoner of State could derive from four pins. Well, you shall see. He threw them from him hap-hazard in his dungeon; and, once scattered, set himself to work to find them! When found, he threw them from him again . . . and so on, and on, and on! He often consumed two or three days, sitting, kneeling, or stretched on the ground, before he succeeded in picking them all up!

This sport, this healthful torture, lasted—one scarcely dares to say it—lasted for six years! A grand political event then abruptly restored his liberty to the prisoner. But the Count would not quit his cell, without carrying with him those instruments that had saved his reason. And when he re-entered the bosom of his family; when he found himself in the midst of his children—left at so tender an age, that he recognised them only through the eyes of his heart—he related his touching story, and showed to them, all weeping with joy and sympathy, the four pins to which he was indebted for his reason—perhaps for his life! His wife, so long widowed—not by death, but by politics—took possession of them more eagerly than Pope Urban IV. laid hands upon the four nails of the veritable Cross.

It is then these wonderful pins, these atoms of brass, lost so often and so often re-found during six mortal years of desolate imprisonment, that the Countess has had set in ten thousand francs' worth of diamonds, that she may bear about with her, in pious regard, so strange and affecting a memorial. Is not this anecdote a touching one, and worth preservation?

THE UNLUCKY "TRANSIT."

The new disaster that has occurred to this vessel is the theme of much indignant comment in the London papers. A writer thus addresses the *Times* on the 30th ult.

Sir,—I was just about writing to ask you if anything had been heard of the *Transit*, when my eye caught her name in this day's paper, and I really was quite relieved to find she was in Corunna and was only "in distress."

The sole term applicable to the Admiralty for their persistence in selecting such an "uncomfortable"—that's a mild word—ship is "pig-headed." For their original sin respecting her there may be some harsher designation by and by. Before she sailed I, acting on a slight personal experience of her qualities, and on the universal report of others who knew her better, wrote to you to call the attention of the Admiralty to the consideration of the *Transit's* fitness for the service in which they were employing her; but I believe, Sir, that anything which is not a crotchet of a land Lord or a Sea Lord, or has not been memorandumed and Boarded, and minuted and docketed, has as much chance of being considered there as Lord Stafford's piper has of exciting a milestone to the performance of a Scotch reel. She had scarcely left the harbour when she turned the usual source of safety into a suicidal implement of destruction; had to run back again to discharge stores (I wonder what was the cost of damaged stores on that occasion); went to sea again after a "Board" had sat on her; and now we hear she is in distress at Corunna, and that she has nearly rolled her masts out.

If the Admiralty cannot build transports, why do they not buy or hire them from those who can?

At her present rate of progression it will take half a-year to get the gallant 90th to China, with their insides "rolled out;" and the cost per head will be about double the sum which a private or a public company would have accepted by contract for their passage. I do not wish to raise any unnecessary alarm among the friends of those on board, for it is to be hoped she will be enabled to claw along the coast of Africa in the Trades without any disaster; and there is the Cape for her to pull up at and prepare for a fresh start; but if I were on board I should be happy to hear that Her Majesty's ship *Transit*, on leaving Corunna, was about to steer for Alexandria, and that arrangements had been made for the conveyance of officers and men by the overland route to China. Next Sunday, at church, having a due regard for a few gallant friends in that gallant regiment, I shall throw, please God, increased fervency into my prayer for "all those who travel by land and water," and thank heaven that I am

HAUD IN TRANSITU.

The *Times* thus closes an editorial on the subject.

The *Transit* embarked the 90th Regiment nearly a month ago, and she is probably by this time hardly out of Corunna. So, if even she manages to prosecute her voyage without any fatal mishap, we may form some idea of its duration. The unfortunate 800 will, of course, make a coasting voyage after the antique fashion, stopping at every point in the way to refit after continually recurrent breakdowns. The end of this modern Odyssey it is impossible to predict. The 90th may arrive in China old men with snowy beards, to tell the sad experience of long years of wandering. As their spectral craft enters Hong Kong harbour—of course breaking down once more in the attempt—they may find themselves in the midst of a new civilization, among vessels propelled by electricity, and aerial machines in the place of carts. As to their arriving in time to take any part in the operations of the present summer, that is, of course, out of the question. However, we have done our part in exposing the folly and recklessness of employing such a vessel on such a service, and for the rest the Admiralty must reckon with the nation, and with a new Parliament, which will not, we hope, be so tolerant of flippant replies and shallow excuses as the old.

FORMER EMBASSIES TO CHINA.

It is a curious fact that though the Venetians, the Portuguese, the Dutch, and the Court of Rome have all sent embassies to China with a view of establishing or extending commercial intercourse, they have all met the same fate—failure. The embassy of Nicholas and Matthew Polo, in 1260; that of Marco Polo, in 1295; of the Portuguese Jesuits at Macao, 1573; of the Dutch embassies in 1655 and 1795; of the Russian Mission, 1693; of the Papal Embassy, in 1720; of Lord Macartney's in 1793; and that of Lord Amherst, in 1816—all proceeding from commercial views, have all failed to procure anything approaching to a treaty of alliance or the establishment of free trade. Their effect on the minds of the Chinese Government and people has moreover been the very reverses of salutary. To propitiate a barbarous power they have carried along with them valuable presents from their Governments; but so far from effecting the desired end, these very bribes have tended to defeat the object they were meant to further. They have been regarded by the Chinese as tributes to the universal rule of their Emperor, who, in their opinion, has conferred an overwhelming obligation on the various Courts by which they have been sent, by receiving them.

If we consider the failure of the Portuguese at the Court of Pekin, the means by which they made their settlement at Macao, and the multiplying restrictions under which they were allowed to remain there; if we consider the humiliations of the Dutch, and their expulsion from Formosa; if we consider our own establishment, the mode in which we have been trifled with, and the humiliations to which Lord Amherst and his suite were subjected, we shall find it intolerable that Europe should be thus insulted by a barbarous power, and should yet approach the Emperor of China with presents in support of petitions.

In no instance has anything been gained from the Chinese except by force, or kept without force. There was, indeed, a time when the Emperors of the Mantchoo dynasty, reversing the example of their Ming predecessors, who erected brass stakes to repel the ingress of foreigners from the South and West, did all in their power to encourage foreign intercourse.

At their Court there was toleration of all religions. Christian and Mahommedan found an asylum; letters and the sciences were fostered, and commerce was declared free. But the shock to the prejudices of the Chinese was too great. Rebellion broke out in several provinces, and an army of a hundred thousand men declared war against the Liberal principles of Khang-hi, the second Emperor of the Mantchoo race, who was thus compelled to yield to his people. The ports were closed against the Europeans. As in religion and bravery the Tartars have exchanged their native character for that of the people they have conquered, they have also adopted their bigoted antipathy to foreign intercourse; and though in all probability the reigning Emperor deplores the conduct of Commissioner Yeh, he has not only the prejudices of his faithful subjects to contend with, but those also of the rebels, who have formed a point of amicable contact with the Imperialists in the late outrages against the foreigner.—*Morning Advertiser.*

PARIS FASHIONS FOR MAY.—Materials for spring dresses are now appearing in great variety. We have already spoken of checked taffetas in two light shades, separated by fine threads of satin; these, as well as the flounced chiné taffetas, and spring moires, with three or four flounces, will be the decided favourites of the present season. Poplins, also, either plain, jaspées, or chinés, will also be very fashionable; blue, light green, pink, and various shades of grey, being the principal colours now worn. Although there has lately been a crusade against basques, they are still triumphant. They are worn either short or deep, but more generally the latter. They are very variously trimmed; ruches, plaitings, gauffered ribbons, and passementeries, are all much used. Dresses without basques, however, are more and more seen in evening toilette. The body is frequently made pointed on the hips, as well as before and behind; and the double skirt trimmed with pink ruches, or with one or two rows of ribbon, plaited à la vieille. The same trimming is also placed on the high body, or round the berthe, which is slightly pointed before and behind. When the body is with basques the same plaiting is arranged en bretelles reaching to the waist behind, and united by a strap at front, having the appearance of a square cut body. Some double skirts are ornamented by ruches, or some other fancy trimmings, placed down the seams; in which case they are finished by a simple hem only. They have one advantage over flounces, in that they employ less material. A wide fringe forms a very elegant trimming; it is placed exclusively on the upper skirt.

In no part of the toilette is there greater variety than in the form of sleeves. The pagoda, Grecque, and Juive shapes, are still worn; others are composed of three puffs, or of two with a frill below. A more dressy sleeve is arranged in flat plaits from the arm-hole nearly to the elbow; sometimes a row of buttons is placed on each plait, or one button only at the termination of the plait. Below the elbow, the sleeve forms a pagoda, cut up in front of the arm, lined with white silk, and trimmed round the inside edge with a flat plaited white ribbon.

With respect to mantles there is some indecision between the large and small; the latter, however, appears more suitable for summer wear.

Bonnets are still worn very open. Rice straw and crape, mixed with velvet and flowers or feathers, seem to be the favourite materials.—*Paris Letter.*

LADY BULWER LYTTON AGAIN.—The London correspondent of the *Liverpool Albion* has the following:—Lady Bulwer, who, having hunted her husband through about four-and-twenty volumes, running parallels in the manner of Plutarch, between him and all the rascals under the sun, from Tarquin to Tiberius, and from Tiberius to Thurtle, and from Thurtle to Tawell, now concentrates the essence of her wrath in a pamphlet, which may be had on addressing 13 stamps to her ladyship, at Taunton, Somerset; and cheap it would be at 13 dozen stamps, as evidence of what a stiletto the bone of a bone can become after twenty years' sharpening on the grindstone of wrong. True or false, it is a tragical tale, terrible in its grotesqueness, for most grotesque it is, like the feeling of Lear. Of the intensity of her sufferings there can be no mistake, and of the causes alleged to have produced them it is hard to suppose that all can be the coinage even of insanity, an accusation she makes appalling sport of. If originality be a test of genius, and it is the only one, she ought to rank high; for so much original writing was probably never yet poured out on one individual from one pen. Rabelais' catalogue of nicknames, half a hundred at a stretch, are mere jottings of her vituperatives. The ferocity of some of the passages is astounding from its outré and fantastic venom. For instance, after a long burst upon one of her husband's alleged anti-connubial enormities, [names, dates, and particulars all set forth for the nine hundredth and ninety-ninth time!] she says:—"But then you have tact, and I have not. Very true; and such is your tact that had you been Judas Iscariot—which chronology alone prevented your being—you would never, after selling your God, have had the grace to go out and hang yourself, but, on the contrary, would have sat down and written an epistle to the Corinthians—the Glasgow students of that day—denouncing the black and heinous sin of treachery, and warning them against it, which would doubtless have procured you the honour of being cited by the penny-a-liners of the present day as a great authority on that head." Yet Lady Bulwer has no patience with strong-minded women, and abhors the "British female" as particularly masculine.

PROMISING, BUT DEAR.—Russell's Lectures on the Crimean Campaign are thus advertised in the *Times*.

MR. WILLERT BEALE begs to announce that he has entered into an arrangement with Mr. W. H. RUSSELL, the Special Correspondent of the *Times* with the British Army in the Crimea, for the delivery of a PERSONAL NARRATIVE of the great CAMPAIGN of 1854-5-6. The scenes and operations of which Mr. Russell was a spectator comprise every event of importance from the Departure of the Army to the Evacuation of the Crimea, including the Battle of the Alma—the Bombardment—the Battle of Balaklava—the Battle of Inkermann—the Winter Sorties: the Trenches—Death in the Camp—the Expedition to Kertch—the Assault on the 18th of June—the Battle of the Tchernaya—the Final Assault—and the Fall of Sebastopol. Amid the scenes of daily excitement in which he was placed, obliged, as the correspondent of a great public journal, to record at the instant his impressions of the more momentous events around him, Mr. Russell was compelled to leave unnoticed many circumstances which appeared of insignificance when they occurred, but which subsequent experience showed to be of great interest. He had no time to describe the little world in which he lived, or the actors who moved in it, but he has now the opportunity of recalling more minutely the particulars of all he saw and heard, to sketch as it were the private life and interior economy of the armies and of the camp, and to enter upon the description of subjects which during the war it would have been injudicious and impolitic to have communicated to the world. The Narrative will consist of Three distinct Parts, and will be delivered at Willis's Rooms—Part I., on Monday evening, May 11; Part II., Thursday evening, May 14; Part III., Saturday evening, May 16. To commence at half-past 8 o'clock. Subscription to the series, two guineas. Single tickets, 15s. each. Cramer, Beale & Co.'s 201, Regent-street; Sams', 1, St. James's-street; Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond-street; and all the principal libraries and music-sellers'.

THE FRENCH CENSUS.—An amusing circumstance which occurred the other day at a concert given in the Salle-Cecile for the benefit of the orphan institution of Igny, coupled with the crowds of joyous children which throng the Tuileries gardens and the Palais Royal, would shake my belief in the asserted decline of the population, were that fact not based on official figures. At the above concert Mesdames Viardot and Caroline Duprez were the principal vocalists, and Madame Rose Chéri performed with M. Dupuis in a slight "proverbe." The proceedings went off most successfully, and a lady patroness, approaching Madame Rose Chéri, begged her to step round the concert-room and make a collection in favour of the institution. Madame Rose Chéri, with much embarrassment, replied that her position was of so very interesting a nature that she dared not to venture into a crowd. The lady patroness smiled, and invited Madame Caroline Duprez, or rather Madame Vandel Hemel—for such is the harmonious name of her husband—to make the collection. But Madame Duprez blushed, and confessed that her position was so very similar to that of Madame Rose Chéri, that she must beg to decline. "Then the lot must fall to you, Madame Viardot," exclaimed the lady patroness. Madame Viardot sighed and replied. "Alas! I am like those ladies." The lady patroness in despair handed the plate to M. Dupuis, who, having no reasonable objection to offer, made a collection which will bring happiness to the poor orphans of Igny.—*Globe.*

THE NEW READING-ROOM AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—This elegant room is an addition to the great sights of London. The building is circular, and occupies the greater part of the interior quadrangle of the Museum. The dome is 140 feet in diameter, its height being 106 feet. In this dimension of diameter it is only inferior to the Pantheon at Rome by 2 feet; St. Peter's being only 139; St. Maria, in Florence, 139; the tomb of Mahomet, Bejapore, 135; St. Paul's, 112; St. Sophia, Constantinople, 107; and the Church at Darmstadt, 104. The new reading-room is constructed principally of iron, with brick arches between the main ribs. Upwards of 2,000 tons of iron have been used in the construction. The room contains ample and comfortable accommodation for 900 readers. Each will have a separate table, four feet three inches long. He is screened from the opposite occupant by a longitudinal division, which is fitted with a hinged desk graduated on sloping racks, and a folding shelf for spare books. In the space between the two, which is recessed, an inkstand is fixed, having suitable penholders. Thus the whole table-top is free from writing implements or other embarrassments, and every precaution is taken to preserve the books if the readers will but use common care. The framework of each table is of iron, forming air-distributing channels, which are contrived so that the air may be delivered at the top of the longitudinal screen division, about the level of the heads of the readers, or, if desired, only at each end pedestal of the tables, all the outlets being under the control of valves; and there are other conveniences. There are three miles lineal of book-cases, all eight feet high; assuming them all to be spaced for the averaged octavo book size, the entire ranges form twenty-five miles of shelves. The cost, about 150,000*l.*, includes the fittings and furniture and the necessary shelves for the working of the existing library establishment. In the decoration of the interior dome, light colours and the purest gilding have been preferred. The great room, therefore, notwithstanding its circular shape, has an illuminated and elegant aspect. Letters A, B, C, D, E, F, of the new catalogue, forming about one-third of the whole, will be placed complete in the new reading-room on its opening; it will be comprised in 500 volumes. In number of volumes the British Museum is excelled by the Imperial Library of France alone. In value we are already without a rival, and now in sumptuous accommodation for readers we surpass every similar institution in the world.

RISTORI.—This gifted lady has added another leaf to that chaplet which Fame has placed upon her brow. She has added another *rôle* to her well-stocked *repertoire*, and has again disputed the hitherto uncontested claims to superiority, maintained against all comers, by Rachel. Montanelli, already famous by his translation of Legouvé's *Medea*, has now added to his reputation by an original work of great promise. This new play is entitled *Cammа*, and this is the story:—"The action is laid in Galatia, a country of Asia-Minor, under the rule of Sinato, a warrior and a powerful chief, married to Camma, a priestess of Diana, celebrated for beauty and virtue. The charms of this lady excite an uncontrollable passion in the mind of Sinoro, a rival chief, who assassinates Sinato, in the hope of obtaining her hand. Being devotedly attached to her husband, and suspecting Sinoro of the murder, Camma affects to listen to his vows, and finally, by a promise of marriage, draws from him the secret of his crime. Living only for vengeance, she orders the solemnities for their union to proceed, and at the altar, having infused a deadly poison in the cup from which it is part of the ceremonial for the bride and bridegroom to pledge each other, she drinks, and calmly hands it to Sinoro, who drains it to the dregs. She then, assuming her real character, reproaches the murderer with his guilt and cruelty, and warns him that the hour of retribution has arrived. The poison does its work—he dies in horror and despair, and Camma's holy task of vengeance being accomplished, she, smiling at the torture she endures, yields up her noble spirit joyously, exulting in the hope of meeting her beloved." Neither the preliminary incidents nor the final catastrophe are new to the stage, but there is a freshness in Ristori's delineation of them which endows them with a fierce and terrible vitality. There are no words in our, or indeed in any other language, no words that burn fiercely enough to depict the thoughts that breathe in her relentless, vindictive face as she watches *Sinoro* gulping down the contents of the poisoned chalice. There was something horribly fascinating in her assumption of womanly tenderness, though, while ever and anon you saw the keen scrutinising glance of the "detective" trying to wheedle the secret out of her victim. Mdme. Ristori was called for, and called again and again, to receive the acknowledgments of the audience.—*Letter from Paris.*

AN IMPERFECT TRAP.—Hemp and other commodities have for some time been stolen from warehouses in Newcastle, and the other day a thief was discovered in a tall range of stores in the Close. The key of the entrance-door was turned upon him, and he was left in his huge lockup until a policeman could be got. The prisoner, however, was not disposed to await the arrival of the officer of justice. He made his way into a wareroom on the top floor, and to a door from which goods are lowered into the street. First tossing his bags of booty down to the pavement, he lifted his eyes to a hook that swung in air in connexion with a crane inside. He must have had some familiarity with the premises, and known that his weight would suffice to effect a leisurely descent, or he would not have hazarded the enterprise which he meditated. A desperate leap must be made to catch the hook, and if he missed his mark nothing could save him from being dashed to death. But liberty is sweet. He sprung upward and forward, caught the hook, and was next moment travelling slowly but surely downward. It was daylight, and eyes were upon him, but nothing wrong was suspected. So, arriving safely at the bottom, he gathered up his bags unmolested, and walked off. Shortly afterwards, but too late, the turnkey and the policeman came, and as they looked upon the rope by which their prey had escaped they could only moralize on the probability of hemp proving less friendly to the fugitive another time.—*Gateshead Observer.*

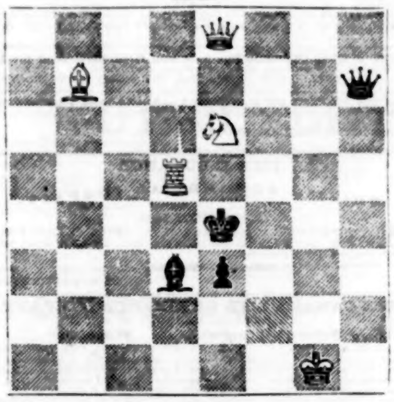
ECCLESIASTICAL UNION IN SCOTLAND.—A series of resolutions has been published in some of the Scottish newspapers, signed by 140 of the most influential laymen belonging to the Free Church and the United Presbyterian Church, the two great rivals of the Presbyterian establishment in Scotland, setting forth that the earliest opportunity should be used to unite these two seceding communions, inasmuch as both are attached to the same form of church government, and adhere to the same standards of doctrine and discipline. Both Churches, it is said, equally maintain the great principle of "non-intrusion" and spiritual independence; and with respect to the question of State endowment (in regard to which the United Presbyterian Church generally entertains voluntary principles), this point ought to be left as a matter of forbearance, more especially as any decision on the subject is of no practical consequence in the case of self-supporting communions. It is further set forth that both Churches are agreed on the necessity of the religious element in education, and on

the Divine authority and perpetual obligation to observe the Lord's day as a day of religious improvement and rest from worldly toils. Among the subscribers to the resolutions are the Marquis of Breadalbane, the Earl of Kintore, Lord Panmure, General Sir T. M. Brisbane, Sir George Sinclair, Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, Mr. A. M. Dunlop, M.P., Mr. Cowan, M.P., Professor Simpson, Professor M'Dougall, &c., as members of the Free Church and by Sir James Anderson, M.P., Mr. Henderson, of Park, Mr. H. C. Ewing, Mr. Duncan M'Laren, Lord Provost Imrie, of Perth, Mr. Alexander Hastie, late M.P. for Glasgow, &c., as members of the United Presbyterian Church.

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 438, by Eugene B. Cook.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in two moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 437.

White.	Black.
1. Q to Q 8.	Q Kt to B 3.
2. Q tks Kt.	Kt tks Q.
3. Kt to K 5.	Anything.
4. Kt to Kt 6 checkmate.	

To Correspondents.—The attention of many of the leading Chess Players is turned to the advisableness of changing the position of the Bishop and Knights, for the purpose of doing away with the use of book-learning, and to oblige the players to depend from the commencement of the game, upon their own resources. We do not desire to discourage them from giving this new method a trial, but we do not think that this mode of play will be in favour for any great length of time, for two reasons: 1st. It will require several moves to bring the Bishops and Knights to the position they should immediately occupy in a well-opened game. 2d. As it is well known that the finest players are generally those who have devoted the most time to a theoretical knowledge of the openings, they will be loth to encourage a change in the position of the pieces whereby their acquired learning will be of little or no avail.

Dr. S. S. Fitch's "Six Lectures on the Causes and Cure of Consumption and the Laws of Life." Wherein is explained the Author's treatment, by which Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Heart-Disease, Dyspepsia, Bilious Disorders, Female Complaints, and many other chronic diseases, may be cured—a volume of 380 pages, 30 Engravings, bound in Muslin. From a desire to do all the good possible, will be sent by mail, free of postage, on the receipt of 40 cents, hardly the cost. Address S. S. Fitch & Co., 714 Broadway, N. Y.

WINTER CLOTHING.
F. DERBY & COMPANY,
Importing Tailors,
57 WALKER STREET, NEW YORK,

RECEIVED by the Steamers and Sailing vessels throughout the season, valuable Invoices Spring and Summer Goods, for GENTLEMEN'S WEAR, many of which are the confined Styles and Selections of the eminent Makers and Designers from

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GENERAL MERCHANTS AND COMMISSION AGENTS,
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LONDON.
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1857.
OUR LATE STYLES OF
SPRING AND SUMMER GARMENTS,
Are now Ready and on Sale.

AS MOST OF THESE ARE FROM FABRICS IMPORTED BY AND CONFINED TO us, and in our best styles, an early call will secure many beautiful things that will run off before the season is fairly begun.

The Stock of CLOTHS, CASSIMERS, and VESTINGS in our Custom Room is admitted to be the largest and best-selected variety ever exposed in this city.

D. DEVLIN & CO.,
Nos. 258, 259, and 260 Broadway, New York.

OFFICE OF THE COMMISSIONERS OF TAXES AND ASSESSMENTS, April 28th, 1857.—TAX-PAYERS, TAKE NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given to all parties interested that the Assessment Rolls of the several wards of the city of New York have been delivered to the Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments, and that the same will be open for review and correction at the office of the Commissioners, No. 32 Chambers Street, ("New Court House,") from the 28th day of May to the 25th day of June inclusive, between the hours of 9 o'clock, A.M., and 4 o'clock, P.M.

Application for the correction of erroneous assessments must be made at the office of the Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments during the period above-mentioned. All persons who neglect to make such application (except by reason of sickness, or absence from the city, during the entire period in which the books are open,) will not be entitled to relief from the Board of Supervisors at any subsequent period. I. W. ALLEN, A. W. WILLIAMSON, J. W. BROWN, Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments.

RESIDENCE FOR SALE, in a suburb of New York, 2½ miles from City Hall, containing four acres (about sixty city lots) of ground, and a good cottage. This place is one of the handsomest residences in the immediate vicinity of the city, being beautifully situated, and commanding one of the finest views round New York, promising moreover a very profitable investment to the buyer. Price $10,000, part cash.

Apply at 28 Nassau Street, in the basement, from 10, A.M., to 12, M., every day.

PROF. J. W. S. HOWS receives a limited number of PRIVATE PUPILS in ORATORY, ELOCUTION AND SHAKESPEAREAN READING, at his residence, No. 5 Cottage Place, 3d door from Bleecker Street. Family Reading Circles attended at their own houses. New York, May 1st, 1857.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL RECIPES.
SEE ADVERTISEMENT ON OUTSIDE.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.—The Mails for EUROPE, via Southampton and Havre per U.S. Steamer *ARAGO*, will close at this Office on SATURDAY, the 30th day of May, at 10½ o'clock, A.M. I. V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

LOUIS ANRICH respectfully informs his numerous acquaintances in this city that he has established a Jewelry Store at 685 Broadway, 2 doors above Amity street, where he is selling fine Gold Jewelry at low rates. Jewelry, Fancy Goods and Fans repaired and restored equal to new. Also, Clocks and Watches repaired by skilful workmen. Particular attention will be given to Clock repairing. Clocks will be taken from residences, when desired, retained and regulated on the premises of the undersigned, and warranted for one year. Old Plated Silver replated, equal to new, in the best manner. References will be given to some of the first families in this city.

LOUIS ANRICH, 685 Broadway, two doors above Amity Street.

TO SOUTHERNERS.

DRINKERS OF CONGRESS WATER.—We are reliably informed that mineral waters, under the name of "Saratoga" water and salts, under the name of "Saratoga" salts, are extensively imposed upon the public in the Southern and South-western States, where persons buying these articles desire and think they are purchasing "Congress" water, &c., whereas at Saratoga there are waters of all kinds, from Congress down to ditch water; and the articles imposed in this manner on the public are mostly *artificial* compounds, entirely worthless, and often dangerous to persons desiring the effect of Congress Water, the effect of them being entirely different from that of the genuine Congress Water, frequently producing griping pains, vertigo, &c., sometimes resulting in serious permanent difficulties by weakening the digestive powers and destroying the tone of the stomach and bowels, often rendering a mild case of dyspepsia incurable—the effect being in no wise different from that produced by saline cathartics dissolved in ordinary water—while Congress Water produces neither griping or injurious effect in any case, however debilitated the patient may be, it being tonic as well as curative. The Congress Spring, as is well known, is the spring, which during sixty-three years past, has built up the reputation of Saratoga, yet some have confounded the name of the spring with that of the place—thus affording the opportunity for swindlers to foist worthless articles upon the public on the strength of the reputation obtained by the Congress Spring, in a long series of years. The injury thus inflicted upon the public and ourselves is double, for on taking these spurious articles, and finding either no effect or injurious effects from their use, they in future refuse the genuine Congress Water, supposing that they have already tried it. It is not a sufficient guarantee of its genuineness that it is in bottles and boxes bearing our names, as the old bottles and boxes are greedily bought up by counterfeiters for the purpose of filling them with their valueless article and selling it as Congress or Saratoga Water; buy only of those you can rely on—Congress Water and none other—and be certain that the cork is branded, as is the cork of every bottle of genuine Congress Water, viz: "Congress Water—C. & W."—if without these words, it is a valueless, dangerous counterfeit. As to the compounds called Saratoga powders, Saratoga salts, &c., they are not only valueless, but injurious—not possessing even the virtues of the common Seidlitz powders of the shops. That it is impossible to form Congress Water artificially, we have the authority of the celebrated chemist, Sir Humphrey Davy, as follows:—"It is impossible to recombine the ingredients so as to make an article of equal quality, the effects of which will be the same as the natural water." On writing us, we will send you list of prices, sizes and packages; and by ordering from us direct, enclosing drafts for the amount ordered, you can have it safely forwarded to any part of the world. We reiterate our caution, to buy the genuine Congress Water only, of reliable persons, and to examine the lettering of the cork brand.

CLARKE & WHITE,
Congress Spring, Saratoga Springs, and No. 13 Thames Street, New York City.

MANTILLAS,
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MANTILLAS,
MANTILLAS,
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DECIDED NOVELTIES.

DECIDED NOVELTIES.

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THE MAYFLOWER,

An entirely new and extremely beautiful garment of

GRAY MOIRE ANTIQUE.

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Black Silk Mantillas,

Guipure Lace Mantillas,

Chantilly Lace Mantillas,

French Poucher Lace Mantillas.

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A SINGLE MANTILLA

CAN NOW BE PURCHASED AT THE

Wholesale Price

In consequence of the Extraordinary lateness of the

SUMMER SEASON,

And the almost total stagnation of the

WESTERN WHOLESALE TRADE.

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FIVE THOUSAND
MANTILLAS!!!

OF

RICH BLACK SILK

AND

MOIRE ANTIQUE,

ARE NOW ON SALE AT

FIVE, SIX AND EIGHT DOLLARS

REGULAR RETAIL PRICE,

FULLY DOUBLE THAT AMOUNT.

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Cloth Basques,

Silk Basques.

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DUSTERS.

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TRAVELLING CLOAKS.

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Misses' Mantillas,

Mourning Mantillas,

In matchless profusion from the lowest priced to the most costly manufacture—all at moderate prices. Inspection is solicited by

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PARIS MANTILLA EMPORIUM,

361 Broadway.

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MANTILLAS,
MANTILLAS.

DECIDED NOVELTIES.

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OF EVERY KIND AND QUALITY;
OIL CLOTHS,
OF ALL WIDTHS AND IN GREAT VARIETY;
RUGS, MATTINGS, MATS, WINDOW SHADES, STAIR RODS,

Just received from the best makers, English and America, and now offered cheap FOR CASH at ARTHUR DONNELLY'S

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ATTRACTIVE STOCK FOR SPRING.
CARPETINGS AND UPHOLSTERY GOODS,
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Patent Tapestry, Brussels, Velvet, Ingrain, Three-Ply, and Low-Priced Carpetings, Oil-Cloths, Rugs, Mats, Matting, Stair-Carpetings, &c., &c.

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BROCATELLES, DAMASKS, RICH PRINTED LASTINGS, MOREENS, LACE AND MUSLIN CURTAINS, LACE DRAPERIES, GILT CORNICES, WINDOW SHADES, &c.

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LADIES' FRENCH SHOES.

JEFFERS has just opened a magnificent stock of Ladies' and Misses' French SHOES, BOOTS AND TOILET SLIPPERS, to which he would call the especial attention of his customers, and would invite a visit to his establishment from Country Merchants. His wholesale stock is equal to any demand.

TAYLOR'S SALOON, 365 & 367 BROADWAY, N. Y.

THIS MAGNIFICENT TEMPLE OF ART AND LUXURY HAS BEEN RECENTLY re-decorated and ornamented, and now presents a far more

GORGEOUS COUP D'ŒIL

than when first completed.

THE INTERNATIONAL HOTEL

over the Saloon, containing 200 rooms, is still conducted on the European plan, and is open for the reception of guests at all hours.

IRON GARDEN VASES.

SEVERAL NEW PATTERNS NOW READY—MAKING, WITH OUR PREVIOUS PROductions, a variety consisting of over thirty different sizes and styles—varying in price from $2 to $100 each. Also—

FOUNTAINS, SETTEES, CHAIRS, SUMMER-HOUSES, &c., &c.

Iron Bedsteads and Children's Cribs, portable, light and durable, with Mosquito-bars, some very tasty, at all prices. JANES, BEEBE & CO., 356 Broadway.

WILL BE PUBLISHED ON SATURDAY NEXT:

OSTREA, OR LOVES OF THE OYSTERS.

BY A. FISHE SHELLY, ESQ., Price 50 Cents.

T. J. CROWEN, 699 Broadway.

PITTSBURGH, FORT WAYNE AND CHICAGO
RAILROAD COMPANY.
$10,000,000 Mortgage Bonds Convertible.
$3,500,000 *FOR CONSTRUCTION.* $6,500,000 *FOR REDEMPTION OF FUNDED DEBT.*

Date January 1, 1857. Principal payable January 1, 1887. Interest at Seven per Cent., payable July 1 and January 1. PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST PAYABLE IN NEW YORK.

TO provide means for the immediate completion and full equipment of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad of 465 miles, as well as to make timely provision for the redemption of the Funded Debt of the Ohio and Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana, and Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad Companies respectively, maturing at different periods between September 1, 1864, and July 1, 1878, the PITTSBURGH, FORT WAYNE AND CHICAGO RAILROAD COMPANY, into which these three companies were legally merged by consolidation August 1, 1856, has authorised the issue of TEN THOUSAND BONDS, of which 3,500 of $1,000 each are known as Construction Bonds, and 6,500 of $1,000 each are known as Redemption Bonds, and are of the tenor above stated.

These bonds are secured by a MORTGAGE IN TRUST to JOHN FERGUSON and THOMAS E. WALKER of New York, covering the Company's Road of 465 miles, from Pittsburgh to Chicago, with all its depot grounds, appurtenances and franchise, embracing the Railroad Bridge over the Allegheny river at Pittsburgh, and depot grounds of great value in Pittsburgh, Alegheny, Chicago, Fort Wayne and other points.

The Mortgage provides for a Sinking Fund.

The Redemption Bonds will remain under the control of the Trustees, and be issued only from time to time, as they can be exchanged for, or are required to be sold to redeem the outstanding Bonds of the three Companies consolidated, and the privilege of such exchange is now extended to holders of those Bonds, and their attention is especially invited to the advantages that will result alike to the Consolidated Company and themselves by such exchange.

The Construction Bonds are offered for sale to provide means to finish the road between Plymouth and Chicago, 82 miles, and to ballast it and equip and furnish it with a full stock of Rolling Machinery, Engine Houses, Shops, Station-Houses, &c., the estimates for all of which are nearly $3,000,000.

The capital stock of the company is fixed at	$16,000,000
The present cost of the road is about	13,000,000
The paid capital is nearly	6,000,000
The funded debt secured on the roads is	6,638,000

The earnings of the road, mainly from local traffic, since the consolidation, from the 1st of August, 1856, to the 1st of May, 1857, eight months, have been over $1,330,000. The net earnings for that time are at the rate of over 7 per cent. on the entire cost of the road. They are the earnings of an unfinished and but partially ballasted and equipped road.

The earnings for 1857 are estimated at $2,000,000.

The road is operated for 383 miles, from Pittsburgh to Plymouth, Indiana, where its business passes to and from Chicago over another more circuitous route of different guage.

The 82 miles between Plymouth and Chicago are in progress of construction, and far advanced toward completion. Four thousand tuns of American iron are purchased, 40 miles of track can be laid this season, and the whole work complete to Chicago within 12 months; after which the earnings will increase, as is be lieved, with the development of the business of the road to a permanent income of $4,000,000 per annum.

The guaranties of this result are believed to exist in these facts:

1. The road has immense resources for local traffic in passengers and freights. It connects by the shortest line Pittsburgh and Chicago, and passes through 24 counties and 15 county towns (including the termini,) the valuation of whose property for taxable purposes in 1856 exceeded $150,000,000—the counties embracing some of those the best developed and most productive in Ohio and Indiana, and the towns being among the most important centres of trade between Pittsburg and Chicago.

2. The Road has over fifteen lateral railway connections, bringing it in communication with the whole Western Railroad system—these connections conferring marked advantages to the Road as a route over various and large portions of its line from Chicago to Toledo, Cleveland and Buffalo, and from Pittsburg to Indianapolis, St. Louis, Cincinnati, &c. A reference to a map will more fully illustrate this point.

3. The Road is a single line, without branches, and the longest continuous Railroad in the United States, and for its whole length of 465 miles part of a great Central Route, in connection with the Pennsylvania Railroad of 818 miles from Philadelphia to Chicago, and of 906 miles from New York to Chicago, via Philadelphia, and on completion of the Allentown Road in Pennsylvania, of 825 miles only from New York to Chicago, thus saving from 52 to 72 miles in distance via Philadelphia, and from 73 to 98 miles, via Allentown compared with the great routes through New York, making also the shortest route, of 79 8 miles via Harrisburg, between Baltimore and Chicago. In alignment and grades the entire line from Chicago to Philadelphia has marked advantages, no grades existing between Chicago and Philadelphia, going East, over 52 feet per mile. Between Pittsburgh and Chicago no grades occur exceeding 47 feet per mile, and for 325 miles there are no grades over 26 4-10 feet per mile, and for more than that distance the route is practically a straight line. The road, therefore, must become one of the most important, if not the most important, permanent avenues of American commerce, and its traffic will be limited only by its capacity.

4. The Road will be completed at a low cost, as compared with other leading through lines, and has corresponding advantages in grade, assignment, &c., for safe, speedy and economical operation, and cheap maintenance.

A full Exhibit of the history, condition and prospects of this Road, with copies of the Bonds, Mortgages, Articles of Consolidation, &c., has been prepared, and will be furnished for the information of parties desiring to invest in the Bonds.

The Company solicits a full investigation of the merits of this loan. It is offered as one in every respect worthy the attention of capitalists, and applications are now invited for the Construction Bonds, $1,50,000 of which have already been sold.

A subscription for $1,000,000 of the Construction Bonds, conditional on that amount being taken, with the option to subscribers of taking $2,000,000 at the same rate, is open at the office of the Company, No 37 William Street, (2d floor,) where all needful information will be furnished. JOSEPH K. EDGERTON, Vice President.

Office of Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne, and Chicago Railroad Company, No. 37 William Street, New York, May, 1857.

Office of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad Company,
No. 37 William Street, New York, May 21, 1857.

NOTICE.—THIS COMPANY HAS ESTABLISHED AN OFFICE IN THIS CITY, AT No. 37 William Street, second floor, for the transfer of their Stock and the transaction of financial business. Due notice will be given of the opening of the Transfer Books. Stockholders resident in New York, and other persons interested, can obtain a recent full exhibit of the Company's affairs, on application at this office.

JOSEPH K. EDGERTON, Vice President.

EXCELSIOR FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
CAPITAL, ... **$200,000.**
OFFICE, NO. 6 BROAD STREET, NEW-YORK.

THIS Company insures all kinds of Buildings, Household Furniture, Merchandise, Vessels in Port, and other Property, AGAINST LOSS BY FIRE.

Henry Quackenboss, Secretary.
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EUGENE PLUNKETT, Vice-President.

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30	2 23	2 01	1 06	2 13	2 73	2 36
35	2 57	2 32	1 23	2 46	3 48	2 92
40	3 05	2 73	1 44	2 88	4 65	3 71

Forms of proposal and all requisite information may be obtained on application to THOMAS M. SIMONS, Secretary, Hamilton, C. W., or to any of the Agencies in Canada. Agents also at Detroit, Michigan, at St. John, N. B., and at St. John's Newfoundland.

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Owned by the EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN STEAM SHIPPING COMPANY OF LONDON AND SOUTHAMPTON, are appointed to sail from NEW YORK on every alternate WEDNESDAY, for LONDON and BREMEN, touching at SOUTHAMPTON to land passengers and mails for England and France. They will remain one day at London, and then proceed to Bremen.
RETURNING, they will leave BREMEN for NEW YORK on every alternate SATURDAY, stopping only at SOUTHAMPTON. These steamships are of the first class, and have superior accommodations for passengers. They will take a limited number of third-class or steerage passengers. A Surgeon attached to each ship.—The rates of freight to London will be but little higher than those of sailing ships.
RATES OF PASSAGE.—First Cabin, $90; Second Cabin, $50; Steerage, $30.
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The undernoted or other vessels are intended to sail as follows:

From Liverpool, for New York.			*From America.*		
City of Manchester,	for New York, May	6	Kangaroo,	from New York	May 14
City of Washington,	" May	20	City of Manchester,	"	May 28
			City of Washington,	"	June 11

And each alternate Wednesday. And each alternate Thursday.
RATES OF CABIN PASSAGE.—From Philadelphia and New York, $75, $65, $55.—From Liverpool, 21 Guineas, 17 Guineas, and 15 Guineas, according to the accommodation in the State Rooms, all having the same privileges in the Saloons. Including Stewards' Fees.
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Nos. 1 and 13 Tower Buildings, Liverpool.

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The United States Mail Steamships
ARAGO, 2,500 Tons, Capt. David Lines; FULTON, 2,500 Tons, Capt. J. A. Wotton,
Will leave New York, Havre, and Southampton for the year 1857, on the following days:

Leave New York.

Arago	Saturday	February	7	Arago	Saturday	July	25
Fulton	Saturday	March	7	Fulton	Saturday	August	22
Arago	Saturday	April	4	Arago	Saturday	Septem.	19
Fulton	Saturday	May	2	Fulton	Saturday	October	17
Arago	Saturday	May	30	Arago	Saturday	Novem.	14
Fulton	Saturday	June	27				

Leave Havre.

Arago	Wednesday	Jan.	14	Fulton	Tuesday	July	28
Arago	Tuesday	March	10	Arago	Tuesday	August	25
Fulton	Tuesday	April	7	Fulton	Tuesday	Sept.	22
Arago	Tuesday	May	5	Arago	Tuesday	Oct.	20
Fulton	Tuesday	June	2	Fulton	Tuesday	Nov.	17
Arago	Tuesday	June	30	Arago	Tuesday	Dec.	15

Leave Southampton.

Arago	Wednesday	Jan.	14	Fulton	Wednesday	July	29
Arago	Wednesday	March	11	Arago	Wednesday	Aug.	26
Fulton	Wednesday	April	8	Fulton	Wednesday	Sept.	23
Arago	Wednesday	May	6	Arago	Wednesday	Oct.	21
Fulton	Wednesday	June	3	Fulton	Wednesday	Nov.	18
Arago	Wednesday	July	1	Arago	Wednesday	Decem.	16

PRICE OF PASSAGE.

From New York to Southampton or Havre,	First Cabin,	$130 00
" " "	Second "	75 00
From Havre or Southampton to New York,	First "	800 francs.
" " "	Second "	500 francs.

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